

The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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13 WEEKS 13

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OUR MOTTO,
"BE JUST AND FEARLESS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- EMMONTONIAN.—Please send portrait and record.
T. W. (Edinburgh).—Thanks for communication.
J. D.—We shall respond by mail.
A. E. S. (Dublin).—Send your portrait and sketch of your career, and we shall publish same in THE MIRROR OF LIFE.
INQUIRER.—See paragraph on page 8.
CONSTANT READER.—Peter Jackson will likely remain here for some time.
C. F. H. (Salford).—We regret it has been so, and hope in future to look for better results.
J. J. (Wales).—We have done as you request.
D. (Pontypridd).—Reply will be mailed to you.
J. S. (Cardigan).—Write to Hardaway and Topping, commission agents, Flushing, Holland. They are good, reliable people, and quote you starting price.

FRANK CRAIG, the Coffee Cooler, has probably done more than any individual pugilist to make boxing popular this season in London. His second engagement at the Eden meant crowded houses nightly, and the management have offered to retain him for an additional two weeks at an increased salary. He commands more money than any boxer appearing before the British public, and, curious to say, his popularity continues to increase day by day. He is a total abstainer from intoxicating liquor and tobacco, and conducts himself as a gentleman at all times, seeking the company of the better class of sporting men in preference to associating with the pugilistic "leeches" so prevalent about the metropolis. He has made several engagements to appear

before the nobility in the near future, performing solos upon the mouth organ, and in boxing exhibition bouts of three rounds.

CRAIG is patiently awaiting the result of the Pritchard-Burge contest, and if the English middle-weight champion comes off with flying colours, then the Coffee Cooler will give him no rest until a match is clinched for a suitable sum of money.

THE social reformers attained a glorious victory when the Court ruled that the London County Council had acted legally in declining to license the Empire with the promenade in full blast. The unfortunate women who made that portion of the building their stamping ground will now either have to seek a new rendezvous or else go upon the streets. The public at large are in sympathy with the Empire, because many believe women of lax moral principles are better off confined to one district rather than distribute them in all sections of the great city.

It does look at times as though Jabez Spencer Balfour will have the pleasure of eating his Christmas dinner in England at the expense of the Government, but there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, and we shall not feel positive of Balfour's return till he is safely on board of a steamer well under way for here.

THOUGH we continue to increase our circulation every week by hundreds, we invariably dispose of nearly every copy printed of THE MIRROR OF LIFE. Last week we were taken completely by surprise, because we not only sold out, but had orders for above five hundred copies beyond our actual printing order. It merely goes to show that the British public realise when they are getting a good thing, and are not slow in taking advantage of it.

THE Shaving Contest is well under way, and the Notting Hill man is in the van. Considering the rapidity with which the competitors perform their work the record of "cuts" and unclean shaves has indeed been a marvellous one. Peter Moss has withdrawn. The pace set was too hot for him, and he preferred to quit, offering a flimsy excuse, rather than go through a beaten man.

HE WAS ONE OF THE GIRLS.

Men who Paraded the Streets in Female Attire set Themselves in Trouble.

(Subject of Illustration.)
A POLICE inspector in the East-end was somewhat surprised the other day when one of his officers marched in two individuals dressed in female attire, charged with being a public nuisance. It appears they were men who donned petticoats in order to create a bit of sport among the natives of that district, and when they got up before the inspector one of them pulled off a wig, which he claimed was a portion of his theatrical make up. He announced himself as "one of the girls," and thought the bobby was presuming too much in molesting him in his escapade.

SAM BLAKELOCK.

A Battersea Pugilist and Trainer who has Turned Fabulous.

(With Portrait.)
SAM BLAKELOCK is known the world-over as one of the best trainers of fighting men now before the public. Seven years ago he was conceded to be one of the best 9st men in England, but he has outgrown that class, and is unable to fight less than 9st 10lb. He assisted in training John L. Sullivan when the latter fought Mitchell in France, and since then his services have been in demand by some of our best pugilists. He is a conscientious worker, and can be relied upon to use his every effort to bring his charge into the ring thoroughly fit. Sam has taken a public-house in Battersea, and is pretty sure to make his establishment the headquarters for all the local sports.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE."

THE MIRROR OF LIFE offices have been honoured during the past week by a large number of notables in the sporting world. Among others we might mention Frank Craig, the famous Coffee Cooler, David St. John, "Pop," Prof. Butler, Charles Morrill, Frank Hinde, Steve Smith, Arthur Callan, Ted Beach, Bert Smith, Prof. Roberts, Jack Gorman, James Rymer, the Mile End marvel, Mike Small, Charley Tilley, Ted Cain, of Birmingham, Alf Standbrook, Joe Plumbley, Cardiff, Bill Miles, Somerstown, W. Hullett, E. Corrie, Esq.

COULDN'T STAND TEMPTATION.

How Men Lacking Will Power Make Good Resolves, Only to Give Way to Temptation.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THERE are few men who can say no and, if hard pressed, stick to it. When women say no they usually mean yes, and a little persuasion will induce them to do contrary to what they suggest, so that with the majority of men. Take one after he has had a rough night with the "boys," he will rise late in the morning following, his head badly swelled and his stomach in a disordered state. He will swear off and declare nothing could induce him to take another drink. When he walks out for the day to pursue his usual routine of business, he will, when dry, approach a drinking fountain and partake of water, much to the merriment of those who happen to see him. Anybody can judge that water is foreign to his stomach, and it of course amuses them. When he meets some of his pals he insists upon soda, and has to be forced up to the bar, but the soda gives way to claret, and the claret to beer. The mixture demands something stronger; hence a drop of brandy is disposed of to tone the system. A few hours later produces the subject in a maudlin condition thoroughly done up. It is the same old story, drunk again, and one drunk only leads up to another, till eventually liquor becomes an actual necessity, and when it reaches that stage the downward path is very rapid, and frequently acts as a forerunner to a drunkard's grave.

PROF. D. L. DOWD.

The Man who was One of the First to Make Physical Culture Popular in America.

(With Portrait.)

WHEN Prof. D. L. Dowd first agitated physical culture many years ago, and announced that it was possible for any man to develop any muscle he might care to, the athletes in the States displayed an inclination to ridicule his claims. They argued that each distinct branch of athletics required only certain muscles, and they alone should be trained. Prof. Dowd was quartered at Springfield, Massachusetts, and after persevering for several years his efforts became appreciated. He gradually made physical culture popular with all classes, and has produced several books which have proved invaluable to those who have a wish to develop the muscular system. He is himself a splendid athlete, and when stripped presents an excellent picture of a well-trained man. Dowd is located now in New York City, and his services and advice are sought after by some of the best athletes and boxers in the States.

CHAMPIONED THE COFFEE COOLER.

A Gentleman of Colour in Islington who wouldn't Listen to the Cooler's Fighting Abilities being Questioned.

(Subject of Illustration.)

PEOPLE passing the Angel at Islington the other evening were somewhat surprised to see a man of colour knocking down a local sport. It appears that the sport was casting a slur upon the fistie ability of the Coffee Cooler, and matters would have progressed serenely had it not been for the white intimidating that the Cooler boxed with a loaded glove. This was more than the black could stand, and, drawing off, he let drive a crushing right-hand blow in the face, which sent the man in the street sprawling. He arose and walked off, the black remarking that gentlemen of colour could always beat white trash.

THEY ARE DEATH ON UMBRELLAS.

People who Detest the Sight of Rain Protectors.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IN Mexico the people fear an umbrella more than they do a knife or revolver, because they claim that with a weapon it is possible to guard oneself, but with the umbrella it is liable to deprive a pedestrian of an eye, and it is termed an accident. Two tourists were wending their way through a Mexican town a short time since, and the natives found great pleasure in discharging revolvers at the rain protectors. The visitors were very much disconcerted over the move, and the faster they ran the more rapid the firing occurred, till finally they dropped their umbrellas, and the shooting ceased. They were not injured but badly frightened, and upon being informed that such articles were prohibited they declared hereafter they would face any storm that occurred.

AFTER a row with his wife, who violently expressed a wish that he was dead, an Irishman said: "Oh, it's a widow you're wanting to be, is it? Bedad! I'll take good care you're no widow as long as I live."

TEMPERANCE LECTURERS PUNISHED.

The Ruff Element of Auckland Compel Temperance Lecturers to be Photographed in the Act of Drinking.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IN New Zealand Salvation Army bands and temperance lecturers find a lucrative field for operations. They have been the means of injuring the publican to a great extent, and when two new arrivals were announced to deliver a lecture at a hall in Auckland a short time back the wrath of the licensed inholders knew no bounds. By clever manoeuvring the pair were inveigled into the bar of a hotel, and under a threat of death they were compelled to stand back to the bar, in the act of imbibing, whilst a photographer took their portraits. They remained there but a short time afterwards, and then journeyed to other parts.

THEY CORNERED A BILK.

A Man Who Tried to Live Entirely on Credit Brought Up to a Sharp Turn.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THERE are countless numbers of people who make it a business to exist upon credit, and so long as they can get trusted for what they seek, work hath no charms for them. What little spending money that is required is usually got through a systematic method of borrowing from chance acquaintances. A man about town who has led a pretty flash existence has only recently removed from the West-end to a quieter spot across the water. He was cornered at his West-end lodgings the other morning by a horde of angry creditors, who pressed him close for a settlement. The invasion caused the landlady to enter her claim too, and that forced him to seek fresh fields for his precarious manner of existing.

JOHNNIES' RACE WITH BARROWS.

A Trio who Wheeled Live Freight about the Streets on a Wager.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THREE Johnnies decided a wager at Southampton a short time since, and created quite a commotion amongst their friends. They wagered suppers on a race with wheelbarrows containing young ladies. The last man home to settle the bill. When the word "Go" was given they started at a breakneck pace, and in rounding a sharp turn one of the trio let go a handle and turned the young woman in his barrow headlong into the street. She declined to continue with the job, and caused her friend to make good close on to five pounds for the spread which was ordered.

Three costers commenced a highly profitable career on Guy Fawkes' Day, but it was cut short by the intervention of Joseph Bosley, an officer of the Mendicity Society. Dressing up a "Guy" to represent a prominent anti-promendress, they placed around her neck a placard with the inscription: "Where are you going to, my pretty maid? I'm going to the Empire, sir," she said, and dragged her on a barrow through the streets of Lambeth. The idea took well with spectators, for when Mr. Bosley stopped the showmen they had already collected 13s. all in coppers. They were brought before Mr. Biron, Q.C., and pleaded that they were doing nothing more than Italian organ-grinders and German bands did every day. The magistrate permitted them to go, but warned them not to allow themselves to be brought before him again for a similar offence.

THEY PLACARDED A THESPIAN.

A Trio of Drummers Had Amusement in Holding Up an Actor to Ridicule.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"ACTORS who rank as second-class artists don't, as a rule, receive much recognition from the people at large in America," writes a Philadelphia correspondent. "In the mid-day train going to New York an individual possessing all the characteristics of a Thespian was comfortably seated enjoying a sleep. A trio of drummers placed upon his back a placard 'Starving to death. I am an actor; do not disturb me.' When he left the train and walked through the streets a large crowd closely pursued him, and great a nuisance did he become that a police officer enlightened the actor that he was the victim of a cruel joke, at the same time removing the tell-tale sign.

HE (pleadingly): "Why can't we be married right away?"
SHE (coolly): "Oh, I can't bear to leave father alone just yet."
HE (earnestly): "But, my darling, he has had you such a long, long time."
SHE (freely): "Sir!"

FAMOUS RACING MEN.

SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY was one of the most noted followers of racing. Born in 1814, Sir Joseph entered the army at the age of seventeen and served for a short time as a lieutenant in the Lanciers. The life of a soldier in a crack regiment, however, was not much to his taste, and quitting the service he devoted himself to yachting. In his schooner, the *Mischief*, he cruised for some time in the Mediterranean, visiting Greece, Sicily, Morocco, and finally taking up his abode in Italy, where he revelled in the cultivation of the fine arts and the *belles lettres*. It was in Italy, too, that his taste for the turf was developed, and whilst residing at Florence he formed a confederacy with Mr. J. M. Stanley to run a few plate races against the Italian horses. On his return to England the confederacy was renewed, and in 1844 the famous "cherry and black cap" were registered in the Calendar. Little success, however, attended Sir Joseph's venture until Sir Templeman, in 1847, secured him his first important prize by winning the Oaks on *Miami*. It was at this time, too, that he was guilty of what all his friends declared to be the egregious folly of purchasing *Mendicant* for 3,000 guineas from John Gully, which years afterwards put into his pockets the sum of £100,000 in a single year—for her son, *Beadsman*, in 1858, by his Derby victory, enabled Sir Joseph to net upwards of £80,000 in bets in addition to the unusually rich stakes. The Lord of Leybourne had not long to wait before securing a greater triumph than *Miami's*. None who were present are ever likely to forget the Derby of 1851, the year of the first Great Exhibition, and, take it altogether, the most brilliant anniversary of the great race on record. Never before had there been seen so vast a concourse on Epsom Downs, and though possibly the railways of late years may have conveyed larger numbers to the course, yet never has there been witnessed such a crush upon the road or such a splendid array of equipages on the classic race-ground. Every Englishman seemed determined to aid in adding to the imposing spectacle prepared for the myriads of foreigners from every corner of the globe who were bent upon assisting at our great national holiday. All the surrounding circumstances, too, were favourable. The weather was charming, and the field for the Derby was the largest then recorded, and, indeed, has been only once since surpassed—namely, in 1832—curiously enough the year of the next Exhibition, when *Caractacus* stole his victory for Mr. Snewing from a field of thirty-four. In 1851 there were thirty-three starters, and the winner, as all the world knows, was that magnificent son of Orlando, *Teddington*, who, though run in Sir Joseph Hawley's name and colours, was really the property of his confederate, Mr. J. M. Stanley. It was one of the heaviest betting Derbies ever known, and Davis, the bookmaker, who was then in the height of his glory, received a blow that may be said to have struck him "between wind and water." He, however, took no more notice of it than he was wont to do of his washing bill, although his losses were estimated at £100,000, paying them with as much indifference as the London and Westminster Bank would have done; and, to prevent any grounds for sinister gossip, without waiting for settling day, he gladdened Mr. Charles Greville's eyes with a cheque for £15,000 the day before the Oaks. On this occasion, to the horror and indignation of Admiral Rous, Sir Joseph and his confederate presented Job Marson, who rode *Teddington*, with two thousand pounds, whilst the other *douceurs* which the fortunate jockey received made the ride worth upwards of £3,000 to him.

Sir Joseph had already obtained the sobriquet of the "lucky baronet," and so strong was the public faith in his luck that, in the following September, when he went to Doncaster to do battle with the powerful stables of the North, in the St. Leger, every owner, trainer, jockey, stable-boy, and backer hailing from the south of the Trent confided his money to Job Marson and Aphrodite, the beautiful filly with which Sir Joseph had won the One Thousand Guineas at Newmarket. But with fierce glee the Yorkshiremen accepted the challenge. John Scott was then, indeed, the Wizard of the North, and the many-armed shire believed in him to a man. Never before had there been so exciting a contest between the equine champions of the North and South. But this time the North had it. Aphrodite went down before Newminster, who was subsequently to become the sire of one of Sir Joseph's Derby winners. But the Master of Leybourne could not complain of his year's fortune. Besides the One Thousand and the Derby he had won the Great Metropolitan with *The Ban*, the Ascot Stakes with *Vatican*, the Great Yorkshire Handicap with *The Confessor*, the Doncaster Cup with *The Ban*, whilst *Teddington* pulled off his great match for a thousand guineas again Mr. Osba deston's Mountain Deer; in addition to which a multitude of minor races had been credited to Sir Joseph's account. Although not equal to Lord Falknouth's winnings in 1877, it is doubtful whether any turfite had ever previously won so large a sum in stakes as did Sir Joseph Hawley in 1851; and it must be remembered

that, unlike the owner of Kilecraft and Silvio the Kentish baronet betted heavily. Not to dwell at length on minor events, we will merely record that *Teddington*—whom Sir Joseph first saw at three months old, and being wonderfully struck with his action, bought him, with the mare, from a blacksmith at Stamford for £250 and a thousand contingency—wound up his racing career gloriously by winning the Emperor's Plate at Ascot as a five-year-old, and then he hastened on to 1858, which was another of Sir Joseph's lucky years. He opened the ball by winning the Two Thousand with *Fitz-Roland*, another son of Orlando, and followed this up by carrying off the Derby with *Beadsman*, Wells in both cases being the jockey, and thus brilliantly inaugurating the long series of successes he was destined to achieve in the cherry and black. The following year Sir Joseph again won the Derby with *Musjid*, the son of Newminster already referred to. Just ten years later, namely, in 1867 and 1868, Sir Joseph again carried all before him. In the former year, among other successes, he was first and second in the Middle Park Plate with *Green Sleeve* and *Rosierucian*; won the Criterion Stakes with *Rosierucian*; ran a dead-heat for the Cambridgeshire with *Wolsey*; won the Clearwell with *Blue Gown*, the Prendergast with *Green Sleeve*, &c., and when he sent his horses to his winter quarters must have felt that, in spite of the Marquis of Hastings, the Duke of Newcastle, and Mr. Chaplin, he was really master of the situation for the coming year. He began badly, however, as *Green Sleeve* could only get fourth for the Two Thousand; but *Blue Gown* won the Derby as his father *Beadsman* had done before him, the son and grandson of *Mendicant* thus justifying Sir Joseph's derided purchase; and on this race the followers of the "lucky baronet" won so enormously as to pretty well break the Marquis and the rest of the young plungers. Indeed, *Blue Gown* (who did not long since on his way over to America) is the horse with which Sir Joseph Hawley's name will always be most closely associated in the public mind and memory. For he was emphatically the public horse, though his owner preferred the chance of another of his string, and never appears to have appreciated the colt's merit, for he let him go in March, 1870, for £5,000 to the Prussians. He ran the colt out of pure sportsmanlike feeling. When he knew in the winter that the public were on *Blue Gown* to a man, he said, "Then they shall have a start," but he never liked the horse, and did not win a shilling in bets by the success of his colt, though if *Rosierucian* or *Green Sleeve* had won he would have been a large winner. The entire stakes, not far short of £8,000, were presented to Wells, the jockey. The Derby was called sensational, but the most exciting episode in *Blue Gown's* turf career was at Doncaster, when as a two-year-old he carried off the Champagne Stakes. There were twelve starters. Mr. Merry's horse was left at the post, and Sir Joseph Hawley's colt came in first, but did not get the stakes. Wells, no longer the "Tiny" of old days, could not ride the weight. Other jockeys knew this, and when he returned to scale he was watched. Watson seized the beam, and appealed to Mr. Chaplin, one of the Stewards. That gentleman ordered Wells to sit in the scale till the Admiral could be summoned. The Admiral came and pronounced against the winner for overweight. Mr. Chaplin enquired what impost *Blue Gown* had carried. "No, no," replied the Dictator, "this is bad enough—the public need not know how much Hawley's horse really carried." As a matter of fact *Blue Gown* had won carrying as nearly as possible 9st, and this marvellous performance the public who stuck to him through evil report and good report never forgot. Among other races which Sir Joseph won in that eventful year 1868 were the Criterion and Middle Park Plate with *Pero Gomez*, the Royal Hunt Cup with *Satyr*, the Ascot Cup with *Blue Gown*, the Champagne Stakes with *Morna*, and the Liverpool Cup with *The Palmer*, while it should not be forgotten that *Blue Gown* struggled into second place in the Cambridgeshire under the crushing penalty of 9st. In 1869 *Pero Gomez* only got second to Pretender for the Derby, but turned the tables on the northern horse in the St. Leger, this being another great fight between north and south, decided this time in favour of Sir Joseph and the southrons. "Dangerous Sir Joseph" he was now dubbed, and the epithet was not only true of his horses, but of himself when provoked, as Dr. Shorthouse, of Carshalton, found to his cost. For that eccentric journalist, the first founder of the *Sporting Times*, was convicted of libelling the Kentish baronet, and sent to prison; there to expiate his offences. Nor would the prosecutor join in the request for a remission of the sentence, though asked to do so by many influential turfites. But imprisonment sat lightly on the shoulders of the doctor; his allowance of wine was one quart bottle of champagne per diem, and when that was consumed he devoted the rest of his waking hours to his favourite subject of research, the Blacklock blood. He was liberated on March 12, 1870, and found the sporting world busy in the discussion of Sir Joseph Hawley's proposals of Turf reform; for the "lucky baronet" was setting up for a reformer, advocating the abolition of two-year-old races,

and preaching on the immorality of "plunging;" these two things together, he foretold, would infallibly destroy the Turf if not nipped in the bud a prophecy which, it must be admitted, came somewhat incongruously from a man who had won the Middle Park Plate twice in the first three years of its existence, and who had probably secured as much of the plungers' money as any half-dozen bookmakers put together. Nay, more, at the very time he was urging these reforms the cherry and black was being carried at Northampton and other meetings by his two-year-olds; and Sir Joseph himself, in the winter, had taken £40,000 to £600 a-piece about his five fillies in the Derby. So much for consistency! Yet, despite the conflict between the practice and doctrine of the preacher, it must be admitted that there was much truth in his arguments, and that it would have been well if the heads of the Jockey Club had taken them into earnest consideration, for they are more or less the panacea prescribed by all genuine and honest Turf reformers. In the Senate of the Turf, however, they were successfully opposed, and the general opinion was that the reforms suggested were either impracticable or inconvenient. That Sir Joseph was disappointed at the rejection of his proposals there can be no doubt, but there was nothing to show that his interest in the great sport, to which he had devoted so much of his life, abated on that account. He was to the last as keen a lover of the turf as when *Miami* first made him feel the pride of winning a great classical race. Sir Joseph Hawley died on April 20, 1875, in the sixty-second year of his age, and, having no issue, was succeeded in the title and estates by his brother. Take him for all in all, though he was rather a fortunate than a scientific breeder, Sir Joseph Hawley was a man the turf could ill afford to lose; for, like Lord Falknouth, he spared no pains in the selection of his stud, and thus did much to improve the breed of horses throughout the country.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

An Edinburgh Sportsman who was the Champion Cyclist of Scotland.

(With Portrait.)

MICHAEL BRUCE, of Edinburgh, is the ex-champion cyclist of Scotland. He began his racing career in 1887, when he secured first prize in a novices' handicap at the Powderhall Grounds in Edinburgh. The following year he captured fourteen prizes, and in 1889 he increased the list of victories to twenty, gaining the path championship of Scotland for five miles and the fifty miles road championship, beating the record by five minutes. In 1890 he was the only man on the scratch mark in Scotland, and won over thirty prizes, including the one mile path championship of Scotland. He then visited Holland, and captured twelve prizes at two meetings, beating the half-mile record, and ran second to Lehr, the German champion. In 1891 he confined himself to the road, and won the fifty miles road championship of Scotland. He next covered 147 miles in twelve hours on a solid-tyred tricycle, which was considered a good performance at that time. He has not been racing much since then until this year, and has got back a little into old form, winning about twenty prizes, including the fifty miles road championship of Scotland, and breaking a good many other records both on road and path. He has been a bicycle, tricycle, and safety champion, breaking records on each style of machine. In conjunction with Mr. Alexander Bruce he carries on a cycling business in Edinburgh, where he is extremely popular.

PADDY RYAN.

Ex-champion Heavy-Weight who is Sparring Partner to Bob Fitzsimmons.

(With Portrait.)

PADDY RYAN, the ex-champion heavy-weight of America, is acting as a sparring partner to Bob Fitzsimmons in the States. He was born in the town of Thurles, County Tipperary, Ireland, March 15, 1853. He is six feet and a half inch in height without shoes, and generally fought at 14st. During the early part of April, 1878, Johnny Dwyer and Joe Goss were fulfilling an engagement at the Grand Central Theatre, Troy, New York, and while they were there Ryan and his friends indulged in considerable fight talk. On the 10th of the same month the two rivals happened to meet in a saloon, when each gave expression to his feelings, and it resulted in Ryan's backer posting 40 dollars against a like sum in support of a bet that Dwyer wouldn't make a match for 1,000 dollars a-side to fight in Canada, within fifty miles of Buffalo. The principals and their backers met at the appointed time, and before separating a match for 2,000 dollars and the championship, to be decided between March 15 and 25, 1878, was ratified. July 22, Ryan, accompanied by his trainers, Joe Goss and Jim Turner, left his training quarters at Sandlake, New York, the two former having been engaged to spar at an entertainment got up in Brooklyn. The attendance at the affair, which took place at Prospect Park Fair Grounds that afternoon, was light, and

as the promoter refused to act up to his agreement as regards remuneration for services, Paddy and Joe declined to appear. That evening, while on their way to and within a few blocks of the ferry to New York, the trio were assaulted by eight or nine persons, Ryan being knocked down, stabbed on the left side near the kidneys, and kicked in the face, cutting his lip and knocking out two front teeth. His companions were but slightly hurt.

Ryan was conveyed to the house of Charley Johnson, then Dwyer's principal backer, where his wounds were dressed. The stab being found to be of little consequence, although narrowly escaping a vital part, the following day Ryan left for Troy, not wishing to be detained as a witness against the half-dozen whites and negroes who were arrested for the offence. Finally the match ended in a fizzle, as neither could agree to a stakeholder.

Paddy Ryan's first battle in the prize ring was with Joe Goss. They fought for 2,000 dols. and the championship at Collier Station, West Virginia, June 21, 1880. Ryan won in eighty-seven rounds, fought in 1hr 24min. He next met John L. Sullivan for 5,000 dols. and the championship. The battle was fought at Mississippi City, Miss., February 7, 1882. Ryan made a very weak stand for a champion, and after nine rounds had been fought in 11min he refused to continue the contest.

He has never entered the prize ring since, with the exception of glove contests in New York and San Francisco with John L. Sullivan and Joe McAuliffe, in all of which he met with defeat.

REDMOND COLEMAN.

A Merthyr Lad who Challenges any Man in Wales at 8st.

(With Portrait.)

REDMOND COLEMAN, of Merthyr, is prepared to take on any man in Wales or the West of England at 8st for a suitable amount of money. His first essay in the ring was when, as a 7st 6lb lad, he agreed to stay five rounds with Watkins, weighing 9st. Coleman not only remained the five rounds, but had a bit in hand at the finish. He fought Rees Macey for £10 in the old style, winning in seven rounds, lasting 1hr 25min; fought J. Murphy, four rounds, to a draw; fought J. Sullivan for a purse of £5, and won in six rounds; afterwards went to London and sparred three-round bouts with Jack Vanner, of Bethnal Green, and Tom Causar, of Bermondsey; fought Hugh Lloyd for a stake of £20, thirty-eight rounds, lasting 2hr 35min, to a draw, Lloyd weighing 9st; fought Dan Evans for a purse of £10, and won in six rounds; fought Charlie Mann for £10, and won in one round; fought Murphy for a purse of £5, and won in five rounds; fought Bennett, of Pontyprid, for £10, Bennett weighing 10st, and won in twenty-seven rounds. His last engagement was in April of this year, when he boxed Curley Howell, of Bristol, for the championship of Wales and West of England, for a stake of £50 and purse of £25, at the National Sporting Club. Coleman won in one round.

HARRY CURTIS.

A Paddington Lad who is a Wonderful Runner at Ten Miles.

(With Portrait.)

HARRY CURTIS, of Paddington, has found little difficulty in placing himself in the front ranks of pedestrianism. He was born in 1873, and stands 5ft 7in high. His first match was with W. Wallace, Marylebone, in 1887, at 120 yards for £5 a-side. Curtis won by a yard, though Wallace was considered one of the best at that distance. He next beat Sid Slack, of Somerstown, 120 yards. He then won a 100 yards handicap off scratch, beating Herbert Osborn in the final, at Hampstead, and later on he ran up in a 120 yards handicap, and was beaten by Vin Paul, of Bayswater; beat Barry, of Hammersmith, 100 yards for £5. Turning his attention to long-distance running, he again ran Barry, of Hammersmith, one mile, conceding him 70 yards. Barry won on the tape. Curtis's next performance was the defeat of Frank Hall, of Ripley, five miles level, for £10 a-side. Leaving England, he resided for some time on the Continent, and won a four-mile handicap at Brussels; beaten by Fred Mason, of Paddington, three miles level; ran third in an hour "go as you please" at Nunhead; ran fourth at Bow in a ten-mile handicap, beaten by men like Len Hurst, Bailey, and Rowe, after being on the shelf for eighteen months. His last, and perhaps best, performance was his victory in the ten-mile handicap at Paddington Recreation Grounds, on October 1 last. This he accomplished in the splendid time of 58min, winning easily by 300 yards.

"Ha! ha!" shouted the enthusiastic scientist, "I have discovered one thing in which the Chinese did not anticipate us."

"What is that?"

"Football. I can prove it by the way they wear their hair."



THE PARSON PRAYED FOR A GOOD CATCH.
An Episode on a Fishing Excursion near Yarmouth.



THEY PLACARDED A THESPIAN
A Trio of Drummers Find Amusement in Holding Up an Actor to Ridicule.



THEY ARE DEATH ON UMBRELLAS.
People who Detest the Sight of Rain Protectors.



BEATEN FOR NOT BEGGING.
An Italian Ruffian Maltreats his Wife because She Refuses to "Cadge."



JOLLY BRITISH TARS ASHORE.
They Raise Cain in the Hebrew Portion of New York.



D. KINAHAN, an Irish oarsman and footballer, has gone to the States to reside. "As an oarsman and footballer," says the *Dublin Sport*, "the subject of this notice has made innumerable friends, and it would be waste of space to reiterate the many sterling qualities which endeared him to all whom he came in contact with in either social, business, or club life; but suffice it to say that I am echoing the desire of thousands by wishing our friend *bon voyage*, and every success and happiness in the land of his adoption. One of the leading lights of the Pembroke Rowing Club, for which organisation he worked with indefatigable zeal, and on several occasions carried its amber and black to victory.

"His loss will be keenly felt, and it will be difficult to find one capable of taking his place, and it is only right to give an idea of a few of the more important races he stroked to victory. His first success was in the Visitors' Cup (eights) in '87, which he supplemented with the Dodder Cup (under 21) in the next year. In '89 a crew composed of the following—Tennant bow, Cook 2, Gifford 3, and D. Kinahan stroke, captured the Drogheda Challenge Cup after a terrific race, and later on looked all over winners in the Metropolitan Cup had their craft not been swamped by a passing steamer. Pembroke were again heard of in '91 in the Gray Cup, with the same stroke, which, not to speak of numerous club wins, is a brilliant record, and one which any oarsman might feel proud of.

It is announced that the New York Yacht Club have discussed Lord Dunraven's letter suggesting that the International Yacht Race next year should take place off Marblehead instead of in New York Bay, and that the yachts should be measured with all their weights on board, including the crews. The committee decided that the races must take place as heretofore in New York Bay. No other resolution was arrived at, but a committee was appointed to consider the other suggestions in Lord Dunraven's letter. The decision to stick to the old course will, to most people, be inexplicable, because American as well as English yachtsmen are pretty nearly agreed that the one suggested by Lord Dunraven is much preferable to the other.

F. HOLLINGSWORTH has staked £25 against £50 that he will walk one mile on the Bow Grounds, November 26, within eight minutes.

T. BRAIN finished five yards in front of Jack Halliday in a 120 yards run at Barnsley for £50.

H. WAINWRIGHT, of Hammersmith, was beaten by R. Evans, of Chiswick, in a 200 yards run at Battersea, November 10, for a stake of £10.

THE Cornell University of Ithaca, New York, has decided to send a crew to England next summer to compete at Henley Regatta for the Grand Challenge Cup and the Thames Challenge Cup.

CAPTAIN J. L. BREWER, the professional crack pigeon shot, was beaten recently in a shooting match at Burgen Point, New Jersey, by Mr. George Work, an amateur, who came out first by the narrow margin of one bird. Each man shot at 100 birds. Work missed his eleventh and sixty-first birds, while his professional opponent failed to bring down his seventeenth, thirty-eighth, and seventy-third.

J. A. R. ELLIOTT, the champion pigeon shot of the world, is arranging a series of five matches with Captain J. L. Brewer, to occur in Kansas City, Pittsburgh, and New York City.

THE people of Austin, Texas, intend to make their regatta a memorable one. Efforts will be made to bring Jake Gaudaur (American champion) and Tom Sullivan (Champion of England) together. The New Zealander will be offered extra inducements to go to the United States.

It is certain that a representative four-oared crew will go from England, and this quartette will be selected with a view of taking part in all the single-sculling, double-sculling, and four-oared events. The crew

will be even stronger than the famous Renforth crew, or the Taylor-Winship crew, which rowed in Canada, Philadelphia, and New York a couple of decades ago.

T. LOATES is four behind in the Jockeys' list, having increased his winning total during last week to 151 (two winners), and Morny Cannon (who rode four winners) made his score 155, Finlay 89, S. Loates 90, Bradford 82, Allsopp 83, Calder 81, J. Watts 63, Chandley 56, Brown 55, White 48, Gough 40, Colling 38, Rickaby 35, J. Woodburn 30, C. Loates 30, Fagan 24, Toon 25, G. Barrett 23, G. Chaloner 24, W. Pratt 18, F. Pratt 17, Weldon 16, Wingfield 14, F. Black 11, J. Harrison 11, O. Madden 11, F. Webb 9, E. Hunt 10, Armstrong 7, A. Nightingall 7, H. Chaloner 6, Huxtable 6, A. Watts 6, Cardledge 5, T. Garrett 5, F. Park 4, Rumbold 4, C. Martin 6, Lofthouse 4, W. Croft 4, K. Cannon 4, H. Grimshaw 3.

G. WOOTON, in receipt of 100yds start, easily defeated A. Evans in a mile run at Rough Hills, Wolverhampton, for £10 a-side.

A 120YDS RACE was decided between Paddy Smith and Ted Hardy at Clay Cross, the other day, for £20 a-side. Betting was rather spirited, odds being laid on Hardy, who was beaten by three yards.

A. E. STONE, of Dublin, who is conceded to be the champion strong man of Ireland, writes that he would be pleased to meet Mr. Ogden, of Folkestone, in a weight-lifting competition for a wager or a trophy.

THE final meeting of the tonsorial artists will be held at the Hall of Science, St. Luke's, November 22, when, in addition to the shaving contest, a first-class variety show will be given.

THE Executive Council of the Sporting League now consists of the Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P., the Earl of Durham, the Earl of Lonsdale, Sir James Forrest, and the Hon. J. Scott Montagu, M.P.

MO GIBSON, of Putney, and Fred Pearce, of Hammersmith, sculled the full course Putney to Mortlake, November 12, for stakes of £35 a-side. Although the elements have not been too favourable for practice during the last three weeks, both men stepped into their boats pretty fit. W. A. Barry has had Gibson in hand, whilst Pearce benefited by the services of Tom Sullivan (champion) in his spell of training. Gibson rowed in a new craft by John Clasper, and Pearce utilised his new boat built by George Sims, now of Putney. Gibson took the Middlesex side, and led at the start amid great excitement, but Pearce overtook him before reaching Hammersmith, and increasing his lead at Barnes, won as he liked.

Time, 30min 13sec. Betting at the start—5 to 4 on winner.

LADY cricketers and cyclists have already become familiar "sights," but football played by women has hitherto been considered outside the sphere of practical athletics. Lady footballers, however, will soon have an opportunity of indulging in the winter pastime, as a match between female teams will shortly take place in the North of London. There can be no doubt that the organisers of this fixture mean business, and the preliminary announcement even states that the players will receive a share of the gate-money. The game will be played according to Association rules—as interpreted by women.

BEATEN FOR NOT BEGGING.

An Italian Ruffian Maltreats his Wife Because She Refuses to "Cadge."

(Subject of Illustration.)

ITALIANS are a cruel, merciless race, and the art of begging becomes a second nature to them. Saffron Hill is the Italian quarter of London, and to strike through there early in the morning it is like coming in contact with a city composed almost entirely of people who find cadging a profitable vocation. Women and children are drove upon the streets to gather in stray coppers from those who find pleasure in alleviating the sufferings of unfortunate people. Report has it that one of the wretches who has an English girl for a wife devotes his time in beating her in a merciless manner to drive her upon the streets in search of money to keep him in food and beer.

"Why is he so mad?"

"Somebody played a joke upon him."

"Well, I shouldn't think he would get so mad over a thing like that."

"But this is not an ordinary case. You see, he is a practical joker himself."

MRS. HICKS: "I'm sorry to say I don't know anything about football."

HICKS: "It's quite a good deal like a prize fight, multiplied by eleven."



—That Joey Nuttall, the professional champion swimmer, appeared in Edinburgh, and made an attempt on the existing 220 yards record. A crowd packed the baths, and Nuttall was received with tremendous enthusiasm. He got inside the world's record, covering the distance in 2min 37sec.

—That Tommy Harris, 9st champion of the West of England, takes a benefit at the Blue Anchor, November 19.

—That at Bristol the other day a sculling match for £20 was decided between Joseph Bridges and William Stephen Murphy, both of Bristol. The course was up the Floating Harbour, one mile and a half in length. Bridges had many times competed in races of this kind, but Murphy was comparatively a novice. Rowing a quick, powerful stroke, Murphy soon drew ahead, and Bridges nearly fouling a barge lost considerable ground. Murphy soon increased his lead, and Bridges, twice more getting into difficulties with the winding and crowded harbour, was left a hundred yards behind. He did not then appear to make any effort, and Murphy won by two hundred yards, in 11min 30sec.

—That Walter Butler, of Paddington, gives promise of becoming one of our best men at 9st 8lb, and would make an interesting fight with Arthur Valentine.

—That the race for the Melbourne Cup, run at Ilmington, November 6, resulted as follows: Patron 1; Devon 2; Nada 3. Twenty-eight ran. Won by three-quarters of a length; a neck separated the second and third. Time, 3min 31sec.

—That Joe Portley, who fought Nune Wallace, declares himself in the field seeking a customer for a twenty-round contest.

—That Ernest Pickard, of Hoxton, and Jack Pearson, of Manchester, will probably be matched at 7st 4lb, for £50 and a purse, the best of twenty rounds.

—That "Claude Duval" reached its fiftieth performance at the Prince of Wales Theatre on Saturday night. The business continues as large as ever, money being turned away at every performance.

—That Dick O'Brien, an American 10st 10lb man, proposes coming here shortly to meet all comers at even weight.

—That Prof. Peart is performing a remarkable dive at the Royal Aquarium.

—That Mr. Glutton, of the Ranelagh Harriers, mourns the loss of his wife, who died after a brief spell of illness.

—That Jewey Cooke, a promising lad at 8st 6lb, will visit the States next week.

—That a young Yankee boxer named Daley, of America, has made such a poor show in contests at the Eden that he will return to New York at once.

—That Peter Moss, of Camberwell, has retired from the Shaving Competition.

—That a well-known club man, for a wager of £50, dressed himself in eccentric guise and sold newspapers in the street. There is no doubt that a news vendor attired in a canvas suit, adroitly held together by safety pins, attracted much attention in the West-end; and it was noticed that the canvas barely covered a snowy shirt front. He was everywhere attended by a large

crowd; and an amusing scene was created at a Piccadilly café which he entered for refreshment. The wager, it is said, was won at half-past nine.

—That Walter Butler, of Paddington, is good enough to take on any of the 9st 8lb division.

—That Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, is to appear at the Chelsea Barracks shortly.

—That the choice of captain for the Oxford University Cricket Club for the season 1895 has fallen upon G. J. Mordaunt, of Wellington and University. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, of Winchester and Magdalen, has been appointed secretary. Last year's officers were C. B. Fry and L. B. Bathurst.

—That Harry Spurden wonders why some of the candidates for honours in the 9st division neglect to respond to his offer for a twenty-round battle.

—That Owen Hancock, an old-time long distance walker, has opened the Crooked Billet, Hoxton.

—That on November 19, a fifty miles walk will be decided at Excelsior Baths, Bethnal Green, and some of the best peds in England will compete.

—That Arthur Barrett, of Poplar, is matched to concede Thomas Connor, of Bow, two yards start, inside, in 115, for £20. The race will occur at Bow Grounds, December 3.

—That Bill Eyles, of Islington, is prepared to take on Harry Spurden for twenty rounds, at 9st, for £100 a-side and an added purse.

—That Tom Williams and Tom Burrows are appearing nightly in sparring bouts at the Britannia Music Hall, Glasgow.

—That Mr. Phil May, the world-renowned artist, is an admirer of boxing.

—That Pat Sculley, of Dublin, challenges Martin Denny or any man in Ireland to a glove contest.

—That George Johnson, of Hackney takes a benefit at the Goodwin Gymnasium, November 26.

—That Jack Fitzpatrick, 8st 12lb champion, offers to fight Harry Spurden at 9st, the best of twenty rounds for £200 a-side.

—That R. G. Hardie, of Notting Hill holds a good lead in the World's Championship Shaving Competition.

THE PARSON PLAYED FOR A GOOD CATCH.

An Episode on a Fishing Excursion near Yarmouth.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Yarmouth says: "A party of fishermen resorted to rather a novel dodge in going on a fishing excursion recently. They had on board a parson who they induced to pray upon his bended knees whilst they were fishing, and, curious to say, they experienced a remarkably good run of luck too."

FALSE TEETH IN THE SOUP.

What a Street Siren Found in Her Food at a Cafe in London.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE manager of a night café in London was somewhat abashed the other night when approached by a siren who held in her hand a set of false teeth, which she claimed was in a plate of soup served up to her. He tried to offer up apologies, but the dame made a strong kick in hopes of catching on to some hush-money; but the scheme failed to work, and with her friend, she was glad to get off without paying her bill.

KATE LEONARD.

A Specialty Performer who is a Clever Dancer.

(With Portrait.)

KATE LEONARD has as a partner Pat McCarthy in duets and dances. She is quite attractive, and possesses a considerable amount of talent both as a singer and a dancer.

JUDGE: "Why didn't you return the money to the man?"

Prisoner: "He wouldn't give me time."

Judge: "Well, take six months, and if that ain't time enough let me hear from you!"

TURF NOTES.



NOVEMBER MEETINGS.

DERBY AND ALDERSHOT.

THE CHESTERFIELD NURSERY.

THE DERBY CUP.

THE WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

FINALS.

The final stage in flat racing will terminate with the Manchester November Handicap, and the question only remains as to which this thousand-pounder may fall. Those who have essayed the task before again figure in the weights, and Newcourt, Golden Drop, Aborigine, Paddy, Pilot, and Xylophone, with the exception of the last two, have more to carry. Naturally Golden Drop might have been expected to receive recognition, considering the manner in which he was successful last year, having behind him a good representative lot, and in point of numbers, with the exception of Fallow Chat's victory, whose field comprised twenty-eight, the twenty of last year's winner is one of the best that ever contested it. Paddy when a three-year-old secured this prize, but it seldom falls to the lot of one of that age to beat the field, and in the present instance a lightly-weighted four-year-old would be the best to rely upon. Ravensbury, of that age, heads the list, and meets the winner of the Cesarewitch on much better terms, which should favour the top-weight, but Kilsallaghan at 18lb less appears to have a good outside chance as compared with his stable companion. On the same mark stands Dare Devil, who hitherto has always been called upon to concede a lump of weight to his opponents, notably so in the Chester Cup, when he gave a stone to the winner and divided Spindle Leg, who was in receipt of 28lb so that this son of Robert the Devil may be expected to show a bold front. In the Irish interest Clorane figures with the older horses, and although her form will bear investigation, she may scarcely be good enough to give a stone to Xylophone or Con Amore, who won the Final Plate at the end of last season over this course. Comedy will again find friends, and Convent, 7st 9lb, certainly has a great chance; the same may be said of Pilot, who carries 11lb less than herself, and should be chosen in preference to Childwick on the day. Immigrant only secured the win at Ascot by a neck from Xylophone, and his present position in the handicap is all in favour of the latter, who divided Son of a Gun from the then Avonwick colt by two lengths, so that on form Xylophone, who has not scored a win since his Newcastle victory in the Northumberland Autumn Handicap thirteen months ago, is well in. Reports from Malton speak very favourably of this Yorkshire-trained candidate, who will not unlikely have something to do with the finish on the 25th inst., and in selecting a half-dozen who are likely to be found among the acceptances, I should name Kilsallaghan, Comedy, Convent, William, Con Amore, and Xylophone. By reducing these to three the pick should be:—

Convent	...	1
Con Amore	...	2
Xylophone	...	3

who on the day should require no alteration to supply the most likely contestants to trouble the judge.

Big fields will be the order of the day at Derby, and this afternoon the attendance will be fully up to the average in the list of arrivals, with the exception of the Chesterfield Nursery to-day and the Cup on Friday. No great value in stakes will be contested for; nevertheless, where all are anxious to recover expenses some rattling finishes will be fought out by those who wish to square the corn bill. Proceedings will be opened with the Drakelow Selling Stakes, and the race fund will certainly profit if Golden Slipper or Bouthillier should account for it. The Markeston Stakes should be a good thing for Low Moor, who occupied the unenviable place of second on the last occasion, and Theseus, who has performed creditably over this course, may be the one from whom to expect most danger, and with Simony II. may be the leading trio. The Chesterfield Nursery will be the interesting item set for

the youngsters. McNeil, with the recent winner of the Liverpool Nursery, Alice Adopted, should be near the mark; Flore, who was successful both at Brighton and Kempton, is also likely for duty, and between them the issue will rest. On Friday the Derby Cup will be the interesting item on the card. Esmond, who has such a pull in the weight, may have to give way to those who are considered better class in Raeburn, St. Florian, or Speed; but this I do not think will be the case, for he has been called upon to meet some good horses at even weight, and now that matters are the other way about, his chance must not be forgotten. In the Chatsworth Stakes the acceptances point to a well-contested race; Man of Ross, Buckingham, and Izates look the best of the twenty that remain in, and I like them in the order named. Flare Up, who was twice successful at Liverpool, should follow up with a win in the Quorndon Plate, next to whom Wensley appears attractive. The Osmaston Nursery weights have been raised 5lb all round, and with the penalty incurred of ten places, Red Heart, well in front of Boxer and Villiers, the last-named, with Sardis, can give the others the weight required and a beating, and with Ware Riot look the best in such second-rate company. For the Rangemore Stakes Estar or Falsetto may prove the good thing they look on paper, and may sustain the interest right up to the close of this popular fixture.

At Aldershot to-day six events are set for decision, which is equally divided between steeplechasing and hurdling. The November Handicap, in the latter branch of sport, may see Stigma or Shootaway very near the mark. In the Long Valley Steeplechase Serenity or Houdan may claim the preference. The remaining selections, with a run, should finish as indicated in the finals appended:—

DERBY.

THURSDAY.

The Drakelow Stakes, Golden Slipper or Bouthillier.	
The Doveside Stakes, Ganges.	
The Markeston Stakes, Low Moor	1
Simony II.	2
Theseus	3

The Chesterfield Nursery,
McNeil or Flore.

ALDERSHOT.

The Long Valley Steeplechase, Serenity or Houdan.	
The November Hurdle Race, Shootaway.	
A Maiden Hurdle Race, Heatherwell.	
The Bowley Selling Race, Wynberg.	
The Hale Steeplechase, Protectionist.	

DERBY.

FRIDAY.

The Quorndon Plate, Flare Up.	
The Derby Cup, Esmond	1
Grey Leg	2
Medicis	3
The Chatsworth Stakes, Man of Ross or Izates.	

ALDERSHOT.

The Frimley Selling Hurdle Race, Sienna.	
The Camp Handicap Steeplechase, Athlumney or Chip.	
The Pavilion Steeplechase, Baccarat or Esop.	
Selling Flat Race, Innisheen.	
Three-Year-Old Race, Toll and Trouble.	

DERBY.

SATURDAY.

The Rangemore Stakes, Falsetto.	
The Osmaston Nursery, Villiers or Sardis.	

CHALK.

PAT MCCARTHY.

A Song and Dance Artist of Considerable Promise.

(With Portrait.)

PAT MCCARTHY and his working partner Kate Leonard make a strong specialty team, and give promise of attaining prominence as performers. They are clever at singing and dancing.

FRED. A. LUMLEY.

An Edinburgh Athlete who is Amateur Champion Light-Weight Boxer of Scotland.

(With Portrait.)

FRED. A. LUMLEY, who won the amateur light-weight boxing championship of Scotland for three years, was born in Hackney, London, May 17, 1886. When but twelve years of age he devoted his attention to football, and played in the South Hackney College team.

In 1885 he was a contestant in a 9st boxing competition promoted by the Orion Gymnastic Club, London, and was defeated by J. E. Taylor, who finished a winner. His next appearance was at the Royal Victor Boxing Club's 9st competition in March, 1886, for which eight men, including Harry Overton, of Birmingham—then an amateur—had entered. Fred boxed in splendid form, and after defeating three men in two hours won the final and his first great honour. So pleased were the executive of the R.V.B.C. with his performance that he was entered by them to carry their colours in the 8st 4lb championship; but, unfortunately, when he came to scale he drew three-quarters of a pound overweight, and, of course, was not allowed to compete. Lumley took up his residence in Scotland in 1886, attaching himself to the Edinburgh Harriers. He ran second in a five mile handicap at Duddington in his first race, and displaying at the same time such good form that a place was at once found for him in the team which won the cross-country championship at Hampden Park, Glasgow, in March, 1887. The athletic season of that year found him giving his attention to mile and half-mile races at most of the local sports, and he finished the term with the very satisfactory record of having captured ten prizes. He did not keep long at distance running, however, for in 1888 he turned his attention to sprint and quarter-mile races. His success at the latter was as great and as immediate as it had been at the former branch, and Scotchmen remember the first appearance he made in the limited distance races at the Edinburgh Harriers' sports, when, after running a dead-heat in the open 120, he walked off with the 440. The last-named race has always been his favourite, and in it he has secured many victories, his most notable being at Paisley, Glasgow, Ayr, Berwick, Maybole, and Kirkcaldy at various times in 1888-89-90. In 1889 he ran first in a 75 yards handicap at the St. George F.C. sports—the only race at the distance which has been run in Scotland at first-class sports, secured a double event at Ayr Academical sports, and almost repeated the performance at Paisley, where he won the quarter and ran second in the half. In 1889 he won a light and middle-weight boxing competition at Edinburgh, and for three successive years he captured the light-weight boxing championship of Scotland.

TOMMY ROLFE.

A Proficient Sparrer who is Instructor to the West London Club.

(With Portrait.)

TOMMY ROLFE is boxing instructor to the West London Club at Hammersmith. Speaking of his career, he says:—

"I defeated Bill Bridger, of Brixton, in five rounds; defeated Jerry Ryan, of Notting Hill, in five rounds; beat Ben Vokes for £5 a-side and purse; defeated Buck Crawley, of Soho; fought a draw with Peter O'Connell with bare knuckles; defeated Joe Harnard in private, after conceding one and a half stone in weight. My last appearance in the ring was against Tom Picton, of Fulham, at Bob Habbijam's, and was defeated in eight rounds.

"Knowing your good feeling at all times for the welfare of sport, I would draw your notice to the club to which I am instructor, as, although recently established, I have succeeded in turning out some of the best light-weights in London. I would further mention that Fred Terry, who recently fought Phillips at the Kennington Social Club, was trained by myself."

DAVE GORMAN.

A Stage Manager and Music Hall Performer.

(With Portrait.)

DAVE GORMAN is known to the music hall profession as a stage manager of considerable ability. He was born in the parish of St. Luke's, London, July 13, 1858. When quite a lad he took to singing as a profession, and has since appeared at nearly all the leading music halls in the United Kingdom. He was for three years stage manager of the Seabright Music Hall, in Hackney Road, where he introduced such noted boxers as Jem Mace, Jem Smith, Wolf Bendoff, Toff Wall, Alf Mitchell, Tom Lees, Bill Goode, Fred Johnson, Jack Knifton, and Sam Baxter.

Gorman will shortly visit the States, where he is engaged to produce his character song known as "The Villain."

HAL SMITH.

A Westminster Athlete who is a Speedy Runner and Walker.

(With Portrait.)

THE printing trade is ably represented on the cinder-path by Hal Smith. Born in Pimlico, he took to pedestrianism in 1879, contending at sports held at Balham, obtaining third position in a 220 yards. The following year, at the same sports, he started from scratch, and conceded long starts, getting home first. The next year he won the 440 from scratch at Stamford Bridge. After this he turned professional, and won Dick Asker's three miles road walk. In 1888 he competed in the walking handicaps at the Royal Aquarium, but suffered defeat. Subsequently he visited South America, where he met and defeated J. Sherrard in a one-hour's walk for 50dols. at Buenos Ayres in February, 1889; beat Pancho, a native, for 50dols. a-side in a 600 yards race at Rosario in the following April, and journeying to Lanus he ran second in a 300 yards strangers' handicap at the F.C. Del Sud Sports. Returning to England in 1890, he, on November 8, 1891, met Geo. Ames, of Wood Green, in a two miles walk, conceding his opponent 150 yards start, for £10, but was beaten after a hard race; finished first for Mr. Perrin's cup in a two miles scratch walking race, April, 1892; won Kent and Cowden's 200 yards handicap; won a heat in a one mile walk at Royal Aquarium, beating Billy Franks; beat Jim Plumpton in a one hour's walk, conceding 6min start, for £20 and cup, Royal Aquarium; won Kent and Cowden's 120 yards handicap in February, 1893; finished second in both handicaps (sprints), Whit-Monday, 1893, at Nunhead; walked over at the Excelsior Baths for the Printers' Championship, December, 1893; won a 440 yards handicap at Wandsworth last August.

FRED MASON.

A Speedy Long-distance Runner of Paddington.

(With Portrait.)

FRED MASON, of Paddington, is a long-distance runner of considerable merit. He was born at Ealing in 1872, and stands 5ft 7in. He first attained prominence in the pedestrian world about eight years ago, winning a mile handicap at Harrow for a cup; beat Frank Johnson, of Highgate, in a five-mile race for £5 a-side; beat Sid Wilson, "go as you please," from Marble Arch to Epsom for £10; beat Harry Jones at the Crystal Palace in a mile race; beat Harry Curtis in a three-mile race, level, in 1890, winning by about 200 yards; beaten by Geo. Cooke, of Paddington Green, in a mile handicap on the Edgware Road; he ran second, conceding Cooke 100 yards start; won a two-mile walking handicap at Kensal Rise. He next competed in a great six days' "go as you please" at the Central Hall, Holborn, promoted by the late Sir John Astley and Frank Hall, but had to retire, owing to his foot being poisoned, after covering fifty-eight miles in 11h 12min. He has not worn the shoes for the last two and a half years until about a month ago, when he competed in the ten-mile handicap on October 1, running fourth, Harry Curtis being the winner. Mason is to compete in the forthcoming thirty hours' "go as you please" race for the championship at the Excelsior Baths, Bethnal Green.

JOLLY BRITISH TARS ASHORE.

They Raise Cain in the Hebrew Portion of New York City.

(Subject of Illustration.)

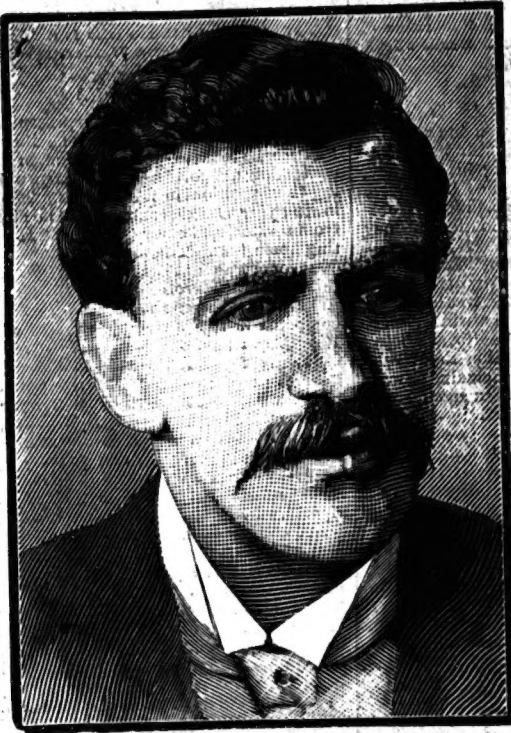
"THE Hebrew clothing dealers in Chatham Street, New York city, have cause to regret a visit paid them by jolly British tars recently," says a correspondent. A quartette of them laid siege to two shops, and captured all the wearing apparel in sight, which they donned, and cut up some curious antics. One of the proprietors expostulated, but they merely ridiculed his protestations, and for a time they carried on high jinks till the arrival of an officer forced them to desist.

TIGHT BOOTS NO EXCUSE.

A Dame Objected to a Passenger Removing his Boots in a Railway Carriage.

(Subject of Illustration.)

ACCORDING to a Chicago paper, a young man wearing tight boots entered a railway carriage, and, having some distance to travel, uncovered his feet for relief. A female passenger accepted the situation at a glance, and going up to where the fellow sat, she raised the window and hurled the boots out, informing the young man that his feet had a strong odour, and removing boots in a railway carriage was entirely uncalled for.

**MICHAEL BRUCE.**

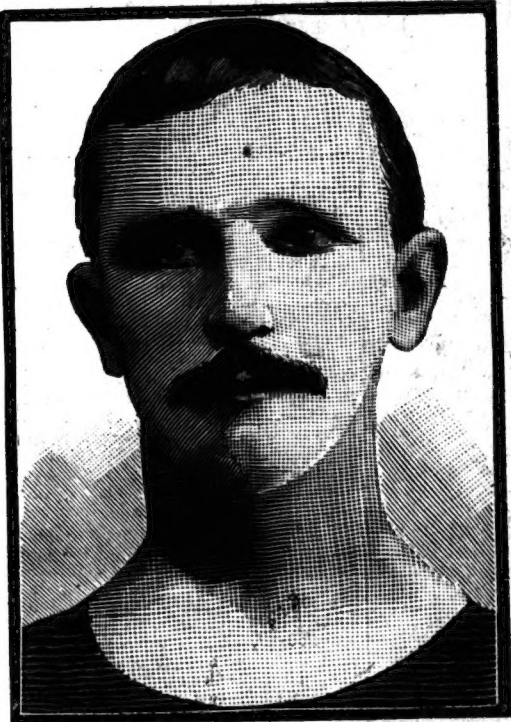
An Edinburgh Sportsman who was the
Champion Cyclist of Scotland.

**KATE LEONARD.**

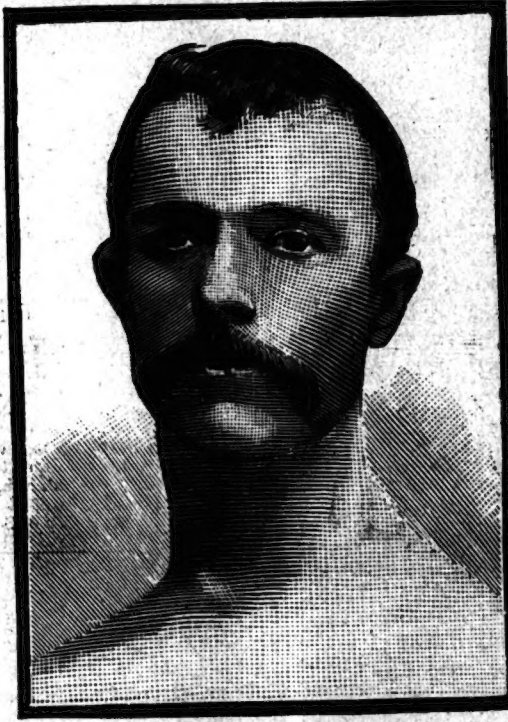
A Specialty Performer who is a Clever
Dancer.

**PAT MCCARTHY.**

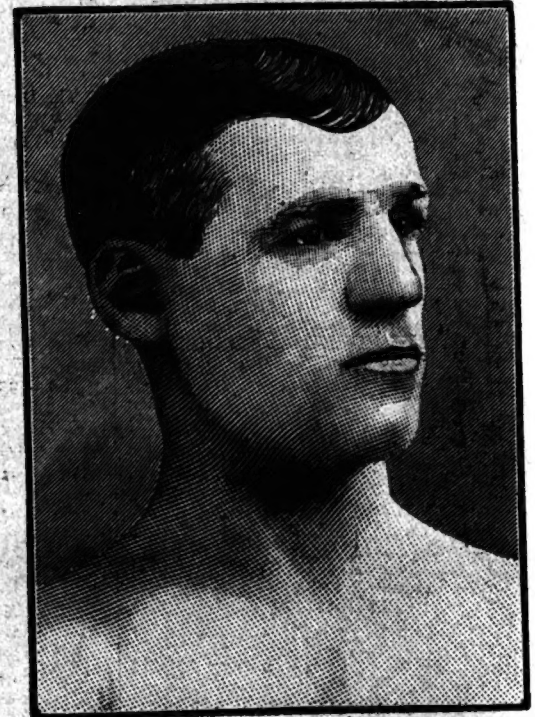
A Song and Dance Artist of Considerable
Promise.

**TOMMY ROLFE.**

A Proficient Sparrer, who is Instructor to
the West London Club.

**HAL SMITH.**

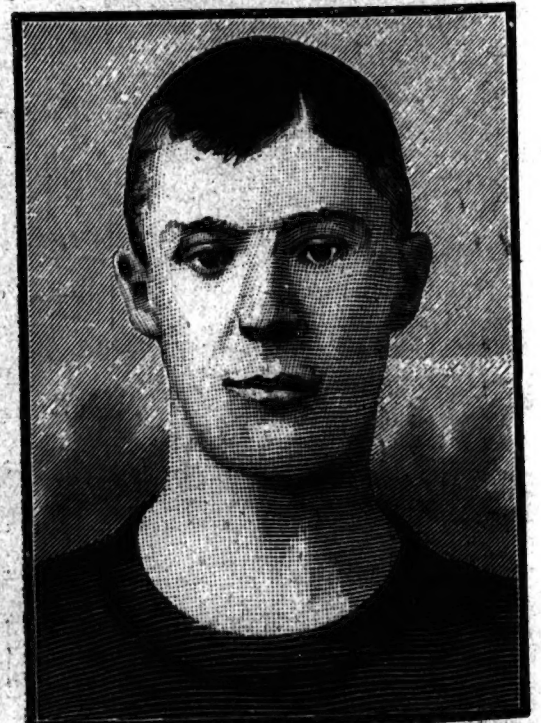
A Westminster Athlete who is a Speedy
Runner and Walker.

**SAM BLAKELOCK.**

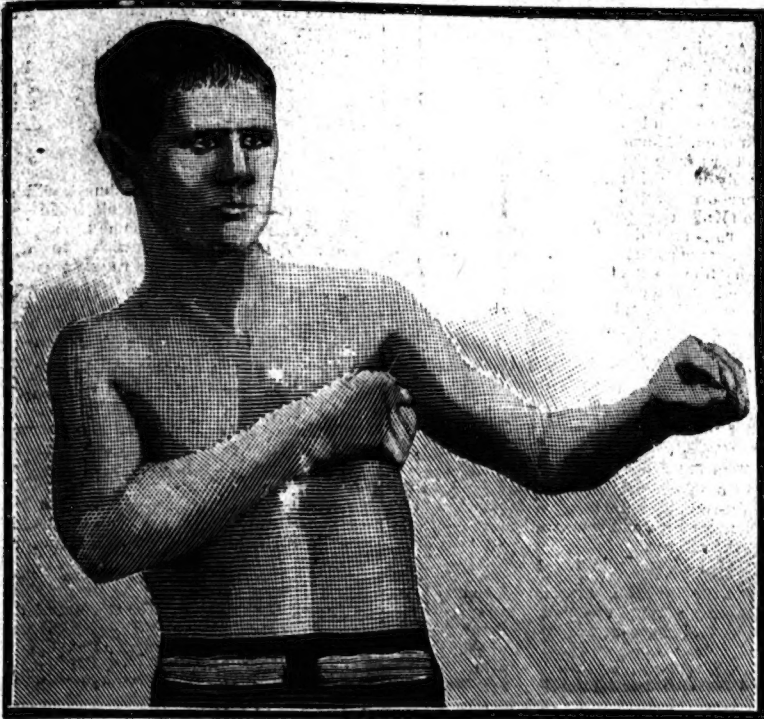
A Battersea Pugilist and Trainer who has
turned Poulcan.

**FRED MASON.**

A Speedy Long-distance Runner of Paddington. A Stage Manager and Music Hall Performer.

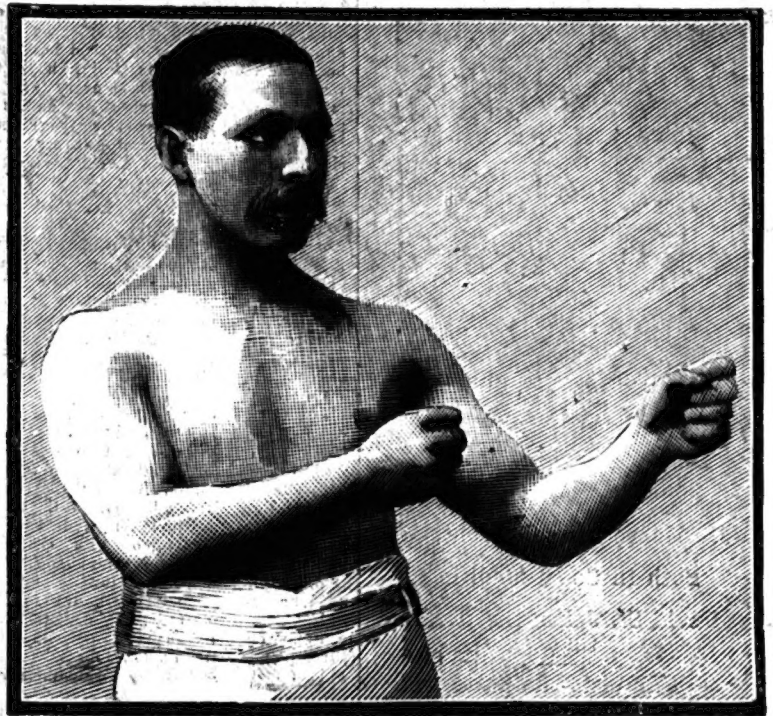
**DAVE GORMAN.****HARRY CURTIS.**

A Paddington Lad who is a Wonderful
Runner at Ten Miles.



REDMOND COLEMAN.

A Merthyr Lad who Challenges any Man in Wales at 8st.



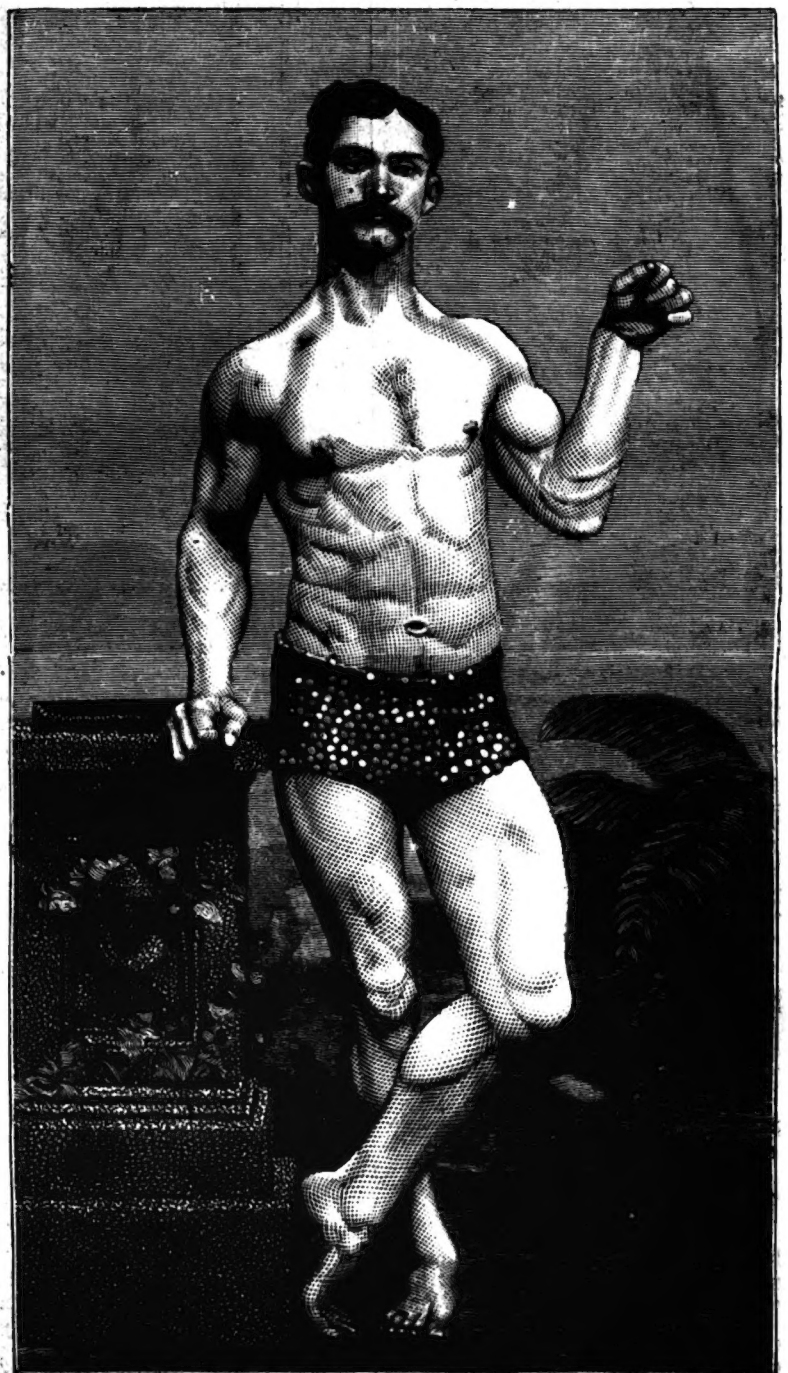
FRED A. LUMLEY.

An Edinburgh Athlete who is Amateur Champion Light-Weight Boxer of Scotland.



PADDY RYAN.

Ex-Champion Heavy-Weight who is Sparring Partner to Bob Fitzsimmons.



PROFESSOR D. L. DOWD.

The Man who was One of the First to make Physical Culture Popular in America.



Moore-Driscoll Fight.

Both in Good Condition.

David St. John, the Cardiff Giant.

Will Visit the States.

Craig on the Knock Out.

George Johnson's Challenger.

Martin Denny a Hot 'Un.

Home and Foreign Ring Gossip.

JUDGING from present indications the twenty-round battle between Dick Moore, of America, and Jerry Driscoll, the naval champion, which is set to occur at the National Sporting Club November 26, will be a well-contested one, and the winner will know he has participated in a fight by the time the referee renders his decision. The men are to decide the ownership of a £100 purse and a stake of £50 a-side, held by THE MIRROR OF LIFE. Driscoll is being carefully prepared at Brighton by George Swanney, who is leaving no stone unturned to get the naval representative as fit as is possible. Moore is within five pounds of his weight, and expects to reduce himself to the prescribed middle-weight limit before the close of the present week. He indulges in long walks on the roads about Leicester, and has for a companion Tom Wright, the genial proprietor of the White Swan Hotel. Hugh Lawn puts Dick through his gymnasium exercises, and informs us that Dick will be in as good form as he ever has been, and will make a showing which will reflect credit upon his fistic abilities. By his quiet and unassuming ways Dick has ingratiated himself into the good graces of all the Leicester sportsmen, who will promote a testimonial for him after his coming battle.

DAVID ST. JOHN, the Cardiff Giant, feels deeply disappointed because Frank Slavin or none of the big 'uns will consent to fight him twenty rounds or to a finish with small gloves for £500 a-side, and proposes to set sail for New York next week in company with Professor Butler. Upon his arrival in the States St. John will issue a challenge to the heavy-weights, Peter Maher preferred, for 5,000 dollars a-side and an added purse. Dave is a game and determined fighter, and with proper tuition he should make rapid strides to the front ranks of the profession. Big men in America are at a premium, and no doubt ere St. John will have got his sea legs off he will have one or two offers for a mill to occur before a reliable club for a large purse. Speaking of his proposed visit, St. John says: "I dislike very much to leave Wales, but as I can't get a fight on here I must go to a country where I can. I shall leave my business affairs entirely in the hands of Butler, and have confidence in his ability to secure me a customer. I bar no man living when it comes to milling; of course I don't anticipate a fight with Corbett, because there are several others whom I can get on with, and will be much easier game. My friends in Wales will not hesitate in putting their money on me any time I'm booked to enter the ring."

WHAT price the Coffee Cooler now! He knocked out Ted Cain, of Birmingham, in less than two rounds, and in an exhibition bout two nights afterwards Cain was unable to put a glove on the coloured middle-weight champion, whilst Craig kept his left in operation, continually slapping the Brum in the face and body, giving a display of cleverness never heretofore seen in London. Cain faced St. John and stayed there four rounds; he didn't stand up all the time, but he has received the credit of remaining there just the same. Dave whipped in some wicked

upper cuts with both hands, but missed oftener than he landed.

KNOCKING out all comers inside of four rounds is not such an easy game as it appears, and the only one who has really been successful at it is Craig, who, by the way, improves on his form every day. He is but twenty-four years of age, and as he possesses good habits he is pretty certain to have a long and successful career in the ring.

FRANK CRAIG, the Coffee Cooler, the coloured middle-weight champion of the world, began his second engagement at the Eden Theatre of Varieties on November 6, performing his specialties and taking on all comers in four-round contests. The first candidate to do battle for the purse of gold was Ted Cain, of Birmingham. He proved to be a tough customer for a round, and by his clever dodging about and acting on the defensive he puzzled the Coffee Cooler to get his measure. Cain was receiver general of several heavy blows in the three minutes boxed, but none got home with sufficient force to do any great amount of damage. Coming up for the second round Cain again fought shy, but the Coffee Cooler was after him like a demon and putting in several good hits he finally lodged his right on the jaw, and knocked the Brum senseless. The following night he put a heavy-weight named Donovan to sleep in less than two minutes. Unable to find a customer on November 8, Craig indulged in three exhibition rounds with Cain. Bill Miles applied for the job on November 9, and he had with him a goodly number of his Islington friends, who believed Bill would prove a troublesome customer. On coming up for the opening round, Miles resorted to ducking and dodging tactics, but Craig wouldn't be denied, and quick as a cat he pounced upon the Islingtonian, giving him three left-handers in rapid succession. Miles made a duck to get away and received an upper-cut on the point of the jaw which knocked him out of time. No one could be induced to face the Cooler on November 10, and he therefore indulged in an exhibition bout with Prof. Butler.

ON November 12 Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, had the honour of appearing in the gymnasium at Wellington Barracks before several distinguished gentlemen, performing solos upon the mouth-organ, a plantation dance, and boxing three friendly rounds with Private Jones. Among those present were Colonel Lord Arthur Wellesley, Hon. W. Cavendish, Sergeant-Major Farwell, E. Corrie, Esq., J. B. Barnato, Esq., THE MIRROR OF LIFE representative, and several others. In the evening he took on Bill Cheese, the Old War Horse, at the Eden Theatre, and in less than two minutes' time he had Cheese knocked out. David St. John, the Cardiff Giant, faced Jack Messenger, of Clerkenwell, at the Eden, and it took him just two rounds to stop the Clerkenwell man.

JOHNNY GRIFFIN will not come to this country to take on George Johnson at 8st 12lb. He met Kid Lavigne in a fifteen-round battle near New York City recently, and met a master who polished Griffin off with consummate ease. It is quite true that Lavigne entered the ring above the specified weight, but he showed that he was far superior in cleverness and hitting powers to Griffin, who struggled through the fifteen rounds, and was only saved from a knock-out by the intervention of the police. Negotiations are now pending with a view to bringing Lavigne to England to meet Johnson at the National Sporting Club early in January for a substantial purse. The New York representative of THE MIRROR OF LIFE has already met Kid, and ere another fortnight passes by something definite will be done in the matter. Patrons of boxing may rest assured that we shall keep them posted on the proposed match, because we shall be certain to give reliable information in advance of any other sporting journal.

MARTIN DENNY, the Australian light weight, took on a big contract when he agreed to fight Pat Scully, of Dublin, twenty rounds at the Antient Concert Rooms, Dublin, the other night. The Irishman weighed 11st 8lb or thereabouts, and should have come out an easy winner, but Denny with his good generalship and cunning evaded the big 'un, and by landing and retreating he managed to keep the tide turned his way. He managed to have such an apparent advantage at the end of the fight that the referee didn't hesitate in giving his verdict in favour of the Australian. Scully's face was badly marked as a result of Denny's handiwork, whilst the little Australian blossomed forth without a scratch.

PAT SCULLY is greatly dissatisfied over the result, and, with a view to bringing about a second match, he has issued a challenge through the *Dublin Sport* to Martin Denny, or any man in Ireland, the best of twenty rounds, for from £50 to £500 a-side. Whoever backs Scully will only be wasting so much good money, because the other night he was in the pink of condition, whilst Denny was anything but conditioned. With careful training Denny would indeed make a

laughing-stock of the Dublin middle-weight, and even his own admirers are fully alive to the fact, too.

At the Bermondsey School of Arms, November 5, three contests were brought to a decision. The opening battle was one of eight rounds between Jack Horner, of Bermondsey, and Sparrow Scarborough, of Dulwich. Horner had all the best of matters from the outset, and by delivering freely on the ribs with both hands he forced Scarborough to lie down in the third round. Bob Knight essayed to face Harry Lane for ten rounds, and although he showed to good advantage at the opening, Lane managed to fight him to a standstill before time was called at the conclusion of the third round. George Harwood, of Walworth, and Alf Garrett, of Bermondsey, fought the best of twelve rounds. The battle was evenly contested throughout, and at the end of the twelfth round, neither of them having a decided advantage, the referee declared the bout a draw.

TED GOODSON, of Homerton, had all the best of Tommy Dodd, of Kingsland, in an eight-round contest at Walthamstow the other evening, and was awarded the purse by the referee.

At the Excelsior Baths, Bethnal Green, November 5, the Bethnal Green Working Men's Aid Society gave a trophy for a 7st 10lb competition. A. Caton, of the Sidney Boxing Club, faced W. G. Jones in the final bout; the last named was decidedly active on his feet, and did some clever dodging. Caton, however, pursued him about the ring, and by delivering some heavy blows managed to gain a lead which entitled him to the verdict.

ERNEST BENNETT, of Peckham, and H. Davis, of Walworth, boxed an eight-round draw at the Lambeth School of Arms, November 3, and the same evening T. Gunter was beaten by Harry Wing in a ten-round battle for a purse.

MR. A. F. BETTINGTON, one of our most popular patrons of pugilism, is confined to his residence in St. John's Wood, having sprained his ankle in getting out of a cab the other evening.

THE Belsize Boxing Club will hold its annual smoking concert at the Eyre Arms Assembly Rooms, St. John's Wood, November 27; Mr. B. J. Angle, the president, will occupy the chair.

DICK PEPPER managed to have the best of young Banfield in a 9st competition at Plaistow, November 3, and was awarded the verdict. In a six-round contest, at the same place, Joe Banfield disposed of C. Bartlett.

In order to develop a good lad at 7st 4lb, to meet Jimmy Gorman of America, a valuable belt will be offered for a competition, open to the world, commencing at the Kilburn Gymnasium, November 29. Suitable purses will also be given for other contests between prominent London pugilists.

JACK MITCHELL and N. White were contestants in the final bout of a 7st competition at the Victory, Stepney, November 5. White received a severe right-hander on the jaw in the opening round, which forced him to retire. In an eight-round contest at the same place, Tom Bruce forced Dick Star to cry quits in the fourth round.

THERE are other ways of breaking up a prize fight than calling upon the police. A woman in Brownsville, Indiana, knocked out fighters, seconds, and spectators in less than a round with the able assistance of a kettle of hot water. George Boyce and Ed. Smith entered the sawmill of the woman's husband during his absence to fight to a finish. The wife discovered what was going on, with the result as stated.

THE Olympic Athletic Club, of New Orleans, will make strenuous efforts to organise a carnival of boxing, to occur in February. A purse of 5,000dols. will be offered for a fight between Jim Hall and Joe Choyanski, and if Charley Mitchell signifies his intention of returning to the ring a large purse will be given for a meeting between him and Ed. Smith, of Denver.

The Kinetoscope Company has made an effort to secure the battle between Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons, and they are willing to pay 50,000dols. for the privilege. This offer was made public by the vice-president of the company, and a letter has been sent to both fighters. The company assures the men that the battle can be successfully fought in Mexico, and guarantees them protection from the authorities.

The company insists upon the contest being held before November, 1895, the date which the men have agreed upon in the articles. They declare that the offer has been made in good faith, and after certain information that has just been received from their agent in Mexico. The latter sends word that he has looked the matter up care-

fully, and after a close observation he has learned on good authority that the fight can come off without any molestation. It must be fought by daylight and early in the morning.

The entire amount of 50,000dols. will be deposited in any bank agreed upon by both principals two months before the date of the fray, or earlier. If this does not suit the men the money will be placed in the hands of Phil Dwyer.

JEWEE COOKE, of Bloomsbury, will set sail for the States next week. He goes there with a view to doing some boxing with lads at 8st 6lb. The Jewish Board of Guardians will supply the requisite money to pay his passage abroad.

PAT DALEY, of New York, who has boxed on several occasions at the Eden Theatre with poor success, will return to the States in a few days.

PROF. DENNY BUTLER, who brought Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, to this country and pitted him against John O'Brien, contemplates returning to New York City in a few days. He has been requested to return by one of the leading athletic clubs there to act as instructor of boxing.

FRANK CRAIG, the Coffee Cooler, made a very clever exhibition spar with Horace King, the amateur champion, at Central Hall, Holborn, November 10. It was arranged for Joe Steers to take on Craig, but Steers, after agreeing to be on hand, finally declared he would not tackle the job.

FRANK SLAVIN has a decided hatred to Peter Jackson and all coloured boxers. At the Central Hall last Saturday night a lad was hawking THE MIRROR OF LIFE displaying the excellent full-page cut of Peter Jackson. When Slavin walked passed the lad he caught a glimpse of the portrait of the coloured champion, and accepted the opportunity of jabbing the end of his walking-stick through the paper. He probably deemed it a clever trick, but a sensible person would pronounce it a miserable display of spite.

STEVE SMITH, of West Green, and Bert Smith, of Edmonton, fought the best of six rounds at Central Hall last Saturday. It was a determined mill, and well worth a good journey to witness. Steve outclassed his namesake, and in flooring him in the opening round he nearly had him out. Bert struggled up and continued, however, in an up-hill meeting. In the last round Bert was knocked through the ropes into the audience, and Steve was therefore given the verdict. Steve Smith is making rapid strides to the front ranks, and with a little tutoring he would be good enough to take on any lad of his weight in the world. He is a good two-hand fighter, and has a lot of steam behind his blows. In a lively rally, however, he is liable to be a trifle erratic in his delivery.

DUMMY WINTERS clearly outfought Jewee Cooke, of Drury Lane, in the final of the 9st 6lb competition at the Eden, Saturday night.

THE Slavin family is not doing a great deal in the way of winning glove fights of late years. The latest take-down was when Jack Slavin fought Jim Daly, Corbett's former sparring partner, at Buffalo, New York, November 1. Seven rounds were battled through, when Daly was given the award on a foul.

THE report that Peter Maher, the Irish Giant, contemplates returning to England is an error. Peter is exhibiting in the States, and also making an effort to induce Steve O'Donnell to take him on with small gloves to a finish for £500 a-side and an added purse.

THE future of the Belsize Boxing Club looks particularly brilliant at present. Its gymnasium at the Eyre Arms, St. John's Wood, presents an animated appearance every Thursday evening, which is set apart as a practice night for members. Several of those who have only recently joined the club give promise of becoming quite proficient at boxing, and will no doubt participate in the amateur championships this year. Mr. James E. Dewhurst is indefatigable in his efforts to make the coming season's club events surpass those of past years.

HE announces the annual smoking concert of the Belsize Club to occur November 27, with President B. J. Angle in the chair. First class vocal talent has been secured in order to make the entertainment a most enjoyable one. On Thursday, December 11, the club has its annual boxing display, when all the very best amateur and professional boxing talent available will be presented. It is more than likely that Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, and Dick Moore, of America, will be contestants in exhibition bouts against amateurs of established merit.

The many friends of Richard Smith, the popular honorary secretary of the Cetus Boxing Club, will be pleased to learn that that gentleman has recovered from his protracted spell of illness, and is devoting considerable time to the formation of plans for the coming season's club events.

POP, the well-known boxing caterer, solicits entries for a 9th competition to occur at the Excelsior Baths, Bethnal Green, in January. The winner, in addition to a purse of gold, will receive a handsome silver challenge cup weighing 103ozs. The trophy must be won three times before it becomes his personal property. After he has been fought for in the competition, subsequent meetings will be limited to contests of twelve rounds each, and for each event Pop promises to supply a substantial purse, to go to the winning men. Pop visited THE MIRROR OF LIFE office the other day, and had with him the challenge cup, which is indeed a splendid and costly trophy.

TED BEACH, the clever Wood Green pugilist, goes to Paris to engage in a twelve-round glove fight for a purse.

BAT MULLINS, the noted sparring instructor, has opened a neatly-appointed gymnasium at 20, Glasshouse Street, Regent Street, where he gives instruction daily.

SILVER belt was boxed for in a competition, confined to 8st 7lb lads, in the East-end, November 8. Con Haggerty, of Spitalfields, and George Herbert, of Camden Town, fought their way through the trial bouts and contested in the final. Con was the heavier, and with the left hand he cut out the pace, reaching the head and body without a return. Herbert appeared tired, and never led, being content to try and slay off the punches meted out by his opponent, who held a strong lead when the interval was announced. The second round found Herbert recovering much of his lost ground, but in the third he acted on the defensive, and as Con added rapidly to his score, the seconds of the former gave in for their man, who, it afterwards appeared, was suffering from an injured hand, and unable to do himself justice.

A MATCH between Jimmy Handler, of Newark, and Walter Greenfield, of Birmingham, took place at the Eureka Club, Washington, U.S.A., November 8. The men fought with thin gloves, and both proved to be clever and hard hitters. The fortune of the fight varied two or three times during the contest, but the combatants were so game that they always responded to the call of time. In the sixteenth round, however, Greenfield was knocked out by a heavy blow over the heart.

OWING to an injured hand, Jack Gover, of Edmonton, has been forced to retire from ring contests.

In six-round contests, Ernest Pickard, of Hoxton, has scored several times over Mike Small, of Holloway. The last-named declares that he makes no pretensions to being a "flyer" in a short bout with the big gloves on, and in order to afford him an opportunity to display his true merit, Manager Fleming has agreed to give a purse for a twenty-round contest between Small and Pickard, to be decided at the National Sporting Club in December. Both lads will get in first class condition for the battle, and each should find a considerable amount of backing before they enter the ring.

BILLY SMITH, weighing 10st 5lb, and Dick O'Brien, at 10st 11lb, fought in Boston, October 29, for a purse. Ten rounds were battled through, with varying fortunes, when the referee pronounced the fight a draw. It was a hurricane fight for the start. Smith played more for the body, while O'Brien's blows landed on the neck and jaw so frequently that it seemed impossible for the man to stand up under them, but both were in splendid condition. O'Brien did most of the leading off, and several times he had Smith groggy. Once the gong saved him from a knock-out. At another time O'Brien was nearly out in his own corner, but he rallied in time to save himself.

At Hackney Coroner's Court, on November 8, Dr. Wynn Westcott, coroner, held an inquest respecting the death of Isaac Kent, aged 63 years, a fishmonger, late of 26, Dunstan Road, Haggerston, whose body was found in the river Lea, by Homerton Bridge, on November 4. The deceased at one time was known as a boxer under the nicknames of "Key-Tiny" and "Joe Roe's Mouse." One of his battles was with Dan Roberts, at Eriton, on February 13, 1849. "Tiny" won after fighting sixty-two rounds.

JOHNNY VAN HEEST and Solly Smith fought fifteen rounds to a draw at Buffalo, New York, October 26, for a purse of 1,200 dollars.

A BOXING exhibition was held in a private hall at South Tottenham November 7. Harry Wischusen, of Wood Green, was to contest

eight rounds with Jumbo Nicholls, of Tottenham, but the last-named forced the Wood Green man to retire in the second round. Ned Tanner, of Islington, and J. Saunders, of Stamford Hill, agreed to go twenty rounds for a purse of £5. Saunders was far the best man, and after thumping Tanner all about the ring for five rounds, Ned held out his hand as a signal that he had received quite sufficient gruel for one occasion.

THE rooms of the Camden Gymnastic Club were crowded on November 8, the occasion of a special meeting, at which several well-contested glove fights were brought to a decision. Jack Fitzgibbons had all the best of Bob Crawley in a six-round bout, and the verdict went accordingly. Steve Smith, of West Green, took on Tom Ireland, of Mile End, for eight rounds. Smith, though on the defensive, did some clever and effective work, and by timing his hits well he secured a decided advantage, having Ireland all but out in the seventh round. In the last round Ireland was unable to recover any of the lost ground, and the verdict went to Smith.

ERNEST PICKARD scored a win over Jem Norton in a six-round battle the other night at the National Club.

BILLY PLIMMER has despatched another one of his periodical challenges to Willie Smith and George Corfield. He stipulates that he is open to meet either one in a finish fight at 8st 4lb for £500 a-side and an added purse, providing the fight occurs in America. It is hardly likely that Smith will deign to recognise the challenge because it is two pounds above his fighting weight, and again he is booked up for some time to come to take part in a comedy, "Heroes of the Fleet," now performing to crowded houses in the provinces.

The Sheffield Wonder replies that Plimmer can have a fight at 7st 12lb for £200 a-side, and in the event of Plimmer's not accepting the offer, is open to any man in the world.

QUITE a number of the old timers were spectators at Frank Hinde's opening night at Central Hall, Holborn. Bat Mullins and Barney Sheppard figure as check takers, whilst seated in the front rows were Frank Slavin and Jem Maca.

THE winners in the respective competitions held at Chatham and Woolwich fought for supremacy at the Garrison Gymnasium, at Woolwich, November 9. In the final bout of the heavy-weights, Lance-Corporal J. Harrell, R.M.L.I., met Corporal Woollett, R.A.D. Staff. Following a brief spar, Harrell drove his man to the ropes with a left on the chin. Twice subsequently he fought his man away, and though Woollett did a little better in the last minute, Harrell shook his opponent with two heavy thumps on the head. Both men did a lot of open-handed hitting, especially when they got a bit excited. In the last round Harrell's extra strength told, and never throwing a chance away he won with a bit to spare. Sapper Miles, Royal Engineers, and Sergeant Clay, R.M.L.I., met in the final of the middle-weights. Clay downed his man with a thump on the jaw. Instead of following up his advantage he stood away and allowed Miles to recover. The form was very moderate throughout, and eventually Miles got the award. For the light-weights, Driver Devine, 1st Depot Division R.A., and Private Crookford, 1st Border Regiment, faced each other in the final. The first round was a very light affair, consisting mainly of taps exchanged on the gloves. A "whisper" from the M.C. during the minute interval set Crookford going at the second meeting, while a right-hander from the boxer named had the reverse effect on Devine. Finally Crookford won with a good bit in hand.

CHARLES MORRITT, manager of the Eden Theatre, in Holborn, states that he is always prepared to engage boxers of established reputation to appear at his theatre.

BILL TREW, of Stamford Hill, and Ted Toombes, of Tottenham, fought the final bout of an 8st 6lb competition at Walthamstow, November 10. Toombes had the best of the opening round, but Trew recovered lost ground in the succeeding rounds, and secured the verdict.

PROFESSOR ALF STANDBROOK will be tendered a testimonial at the Eden Theatre of Varieties on Thursday, December 20, when a series of boxing and wrestling contests will be brought to a decision.

ARTHUR VALENTINE is quite ill, and will not be able to spar for some little time to come.

MR. THOMAS WEBSTER, the sporting photographer, has opened up a studio at 17, Elm Row, Edinburgh, where he keeps in stock a first-class collection of all the leading pugilists and athletes.

SAM BLAKELOCK, the clever trainer of pugilists, is confined to his bed, at Battersea, with bronchitis, and many of his friends feel alarmed over his condition.

THE Manchester Gymnastic Club held its

annual meeting, November 12, when a resolution was adopted empowering the committee to continue the policy of giving purses for glove fights, which has been practically suspended since the Ryan-Ford affair. Mr. A. N. Hornby was elected president, and Mr. T. P. Bellhouse, hon. secretary, treasurer, and captain. A new committee was elected. Sergeant-Major Haigh and Jas. Davies are instructors. The next glove contest will be on November 23, when Hiram Cutler meets Harry Brown, of Walsall.

DAVID ST. JOHN, the Cardiff Giant, has been challenged to a finish fight by Charley Greenland, of Chepstow, for £200 a-side.

THAT Johnny Boyle, the Glasgow light-weight, has lost none of his popularity was cleverly demonstrated November 9, when he was accorded a rousing benefit at the New Olympia, Glasgow. It was announced that Boyle could be backed to fight any man in the world at 9st 6lb for £200 a-side.

In a six-round contest at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, November 10, J. Goldswain, of Bermondsey, knocked out P. Pike, of Leytonstone, in the fourth round.

JOHN JENKINS, of Port Talbot, South Wales, writes to THE MIRROR OF LIFE that he is surprised Oley John, of Cardiff, has taken no notice of his offer to fight to a finish. Jenkins is prepared to do battle with John or any man in Wales at 8st 10lb or 9st for from £5 to £20 a-side with small gloves to a finish.

WALTER BUTLER, of Paddington, flushed over his success with Jack Fahey, of Birmingham, seeks a customer at 9st 6lb, give or take 2lb. He wants a job with Arthur Callan, and so confident is he that he can dispose of the Wood Green light-weight that he signifies a willingness to stake a substantial side bet on the result in addition to the purse. Butler agrees to meet Callan at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office any time to sign articles.

JAMES, alias Jumper, Howe again met with a reverse at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He faced Charley Beadling, November 12, to fight the best of twenty rounds, at 9st 2lb, for £50 a-side and a division of the gate receipts. For the first four rounds both men did some clever left-hand hitting, Howe proving himself to be a slippery customer in evading punishment. In round five Howe was receiver general for several heavy blows, which told on him, and from that point Beadling assumed the upper hand. When time was called for the ninth round Howe appeared distressed and his face somewhat puffed. Despite this, he drew close, and endeavoured in a rally to stop Beadling's rushes, but the latter meant mischief, and banged in the left with telling effect and precision. Now came a decided turn in the affairs of Jumper, who with every rally went decidedly weaker. At last he manoeuvred round the ring, with Beadling after him. In the far corner Beadling punched Jumper until the last-named fell. When he got to his feet it was easily to be seen that he had shot his bolt, and before he could get fairly in position Beadling got in a knock-out blow and received the verdict.

FRANK HINDE's tournament, which is in progress at Central Hall, Holborn, is attracting large audiences, and some promising lads are participating. The finals are sure to be of an interesting character.

THE talent favourite Ted Pritchard as a winner in his glove contest with Dick Burge, and will lodge their money on the middle-weight champion.

THE attraction at the National Sporting Club, November 12, was a twenty-round battle between Harry Callam, of Earlsfield, and Joe Lambert, of Soho, who were restricted to 9st 4lb each in weight. Callam lost no time in the opening round, and sent in some savage blows with both hands on the ribs. Lambert appeared bewildered, and before he could steady himself he received a crushing hit on the neck, only saving himself from going to the boards by grasping the lower rope. On rising they fought in a spirited fashion, each delivering repeatedly about the head and body. The second round was a repetition of the first, and as Callam had more steam behind his blows he soon placed Lambert in distress. In the third round Callam gave Lambert so much gruel that the Soho lad turned tail and held on to the ropes. He declined to continue, and as a token of defeat he held out his hand to Callam.

Several interesting three-round bouts were introduced between local aspirants for fistic honours.

EDEN PALACE, GREAT QUEEN ST., W.C. Manager, MR. C. MORRITT.

Special Engagement of the Renowned FRANK CRAIG, The Coffee Cooler, Meeting All Comers Four Rounds. Also DAVID ST. JOHN, The Cardiff Giant, Meeting All Comers Four Rounds. And JOHN O'BRIEN, The Welsh Champion.

Good Seats Booked in Advance.

PUT ON TOO MUCH "SIDE."

"A NUMBER of racing men were chatting in an up-town hotel on Broadway the other evening," writes a New York correspondent, "and one of the party, who had been abroad in company with Walton, the famous plunger, when that heavy speculator made his second trip to England, told how near the American came to creating a sensation which would have made the country ring from one end to the other.

"The vanity of a jockey," said this man, "cost Walton and his friends 1,000,000 dollars, and this is how it all happened: Walton had in his stable among other horses Mr. Pickwick, Suttler, and the three-year-old Hopeful, which he still owns and has in the stud somewhere near New York. We had been winning our share of the money, both on our own horses and on those of other owners, and the season had opened up in the most propitious fashion. All of the American contingent took advice from 'Petie,' as we called Walton, and we had made the ring win several times on settling day. Sherwood, who trained for Walton, had a very high opinion of Hopeful, and wanted to run him in a stake race, but we begged him to hold off and pick out a selling event instead, and prepared to make a coup that would be talked about for months to come.

"After seeing the City and Suburban run we ran back to London, and from there took the train to Epsom, where our horses were quartered. It was our purpose to deceive everybody as to our intentions, and that morning the horses were brought out, trotted and cantered, and carefully put away, as though they had had all their work for that day. In the afternoon, when the downs were deserted, Hopeful and Suttler were brought out in company with Richmond, a high-class horse then trained by Sherwood, but afterwards bought by Walton and brought to this country, running third in Pontiac's Suburban. The trial was a great success, and showed us that Hopeful was a grand three-year-old, of quality sufficiently high to win many stakes for racehorses of his age. Richmond beat him about a length, and the three-year-old beat Suttler away off; in fact, we were in high feather, and considered the money we intended placing on Hopeful in the coming race as good as won. We were amazed to get as good as 10 to 1 against Hopeful, and the strangest part of it all was that the more we bet the more the ring seemed capable of absorbing. There were several other good things abroad evidently, and Walton, who had won heavily on the previous races of the day, scattered his money right and left. All of the American contingent had the tip, but in spite of this the call was at tens at the post.

"We told our jockey (I won't mention his name, but he was a good one in his day, and most of you know him) that we stood to win a fortune and to take no chances. We were in a strange country, and to keep his eyes open and let no points get away from him. From the start Hopeful was in a good position, and after making a splendid turn at Tattenham Corner we began to cheer, for our chestnut beauty was striding along in front and moving over the turf in magnificent style. A hundred yards from the finish we were exulting in our triumph, and fifty yards from the line nothing but a miracle could keep us from getting the money. Whips were flying behind us, and our colt was still in hand. When I think of what happened then I grow faint and want to swear. Our jockey, with the insane desire of showing what a good thing it was, took a pull at Hopeful's head; the great, long-striding colt became tangled, and was thrown off his stride. Webb was on the nearest of his competitors, and he had all but given up riding, but, like the great horseman that he is, he gathered his horse, and, by one of the grandest efforts I've ever seen, nailed Hopeful and beat him on the post.

"We were like madmen, and could you blame us? I went broke over the race, but nothing would stay Walton's luck that day, for despite his losses on the race he quit the day 36,000 dols. to the good. What would he have won if our jockey hadn't blundered? Fully 1,000,000 dols., and the entire story of his life might have been changed. Had he got that much money together they never could have made him surrender. I'll never forget what Webb said after the race. It was this: 'The over-weight beat you! pointing to his upper lip, which, like all of England's jockeys, was clean shaven. Our man had a moustache.'

"WHAT have you got to say for yourself?"

"Jest dis, sah. I wants a liar to defend me."

"You mean a lawyer?"

"Yes, sah; I knowed I most had it!"

SHE (delightedly): "You really think me as pretty as a picture?"

HE: "My darling, you are a living picture."

SHE: "Sir!!!"

FRIEND: "Your son has become a great dialect poet."

PARENT: "Well, he ain't entirely to blame. I never could spell myself. I suppose he came honestly by it."



FALSE TEETH IN THE SOUP.

What a Street Siren Found in her Food at a Cafe in London.



TIGHT BOOTS NO EXCUSE.

A Dame Objected to a Passenger Removing his Boots in a Railway Carriage.



TEMPERANCE LECTURERS PUNISHED.

The Rum Element of Auckland Compel Temperance Lecturers to be Photographed in the Act of Drinking.



CHAMPIONED THE COFFEE COOLER.

A Gentleman of Colour in Islington who Wouldn't Listen to the Cooler's Fighting Abilities being Questioned.



HE WAS ONE OF THE GIRLS.

Men who Paraded the Streets in Female Attire get Themselves in Trouble.



JOHNNIES' RACE WITH BARROWS.

A Trio who Wheeled Live Freight about the Streets on a Wager.

THE SHAVING COMPETITION.



THE CHAMPIONSHIP AT RAPID SHAVING.

R. G. Hardie Leading.

Mile End Marvel Gaining.

THE tonsorial artists met again on Thursday, November 8, at the Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell, to rival each other in the process of rapid shaving, and it is no idle boast to say that each contestant is the champion of the particular district which he represents. On the two former occasions of their meeting R. G. Hardie, of Notting Hill, was slightly in advance of his opponents; his lead was fully maintained at the third attempt. Thomas Steele, of Bethnal Green, was the first to make his bow before an enthusiastic audience, and under different conditions will prove to be a stunning block if opposed for championship honours on some other occasion; his manner of shaving is both businesslike and smart, and the dexterity in the use of the trusty blade betokens a thorough knowledge and practical training by one so proficient in its use. With a more careful trial he should do still better than the 3min 45sec, and now that Peter Moss has retired, Steele's second position looks a good one, because he has yet time to run the leader very close. James Rymer is pushing him hard for second position, and received quite an ovation at the close of his task, when it was announced to have taken but 3min 33 1-5sec, for him to have accomplished the feat of shaving seven subjects. If there is one candidate who had an uphill task it is Jack Gorman, who has steadily improved in position; his manner of shaving leaves nothing to be desired. His extreme carefulness no doubt tells against doing speedy work; nevertheless, he can hold his own with the best. Maurice Cohen, on this occasion, fairly outdid himself both in clean shaving and speed, and brings him out a top sawyer. The remarkable time of 3min 34 3-5sec enables him to retire with well-earned distinction. Someone must have a rough customer or two, and they unfortunately fell this time to Cohen, who, under the difficulty, came out as stated in a most satisfactory manner. Many thought that E. Hardie, of Bow, and cousin to the leader, had beaten the Notting Hill man's time, but such was not the case, the watch denoting 3min 22 2-5sec, and, good as this was, it was lowered considerably when we glance at R. G. Hardie's efforts, which resulted in finishing off all his subject in the remarkably short time of 2min 59 2-5sec; even yet, some unforeseen circumstance may place any of the contestants in the premier position, considering how closely they are fighting. There is little to choose for second honours. Peter Moss retired from the contest, but believing his ability to be such that he can beat the best time made in the contest he has challenged the winner. Below will be found the correct time for the third night's work:

THIRD ROUND.			
	time.	extras.	total.
T. Steele	3 45	—	3 45
J. Gorman	3 35	3	3 36 1-5
J. Rymer	3 32	3	3 33 3-5
R. Hardie	2 58 1-5	2	2 59 1-5
M. Cohen	3 18 2-5	3	3 34 3-5
E. Hardie	2 37 3-5	5	3 22 2-5

P. Moss, retired.
The fourth round in the above contest was brought to a satisfactory conclusion at

Victoria Hall, Bayswater, on Monday last. The large number of visitors duly appreciated the variety concert which formed the early part of the evening's amusement, and a capital programme was provided. The rendering by J. Hardie, in capital voice, of "My Sweetheart When a Boy," and "Bally in our Alley," given after an encore. In succession appeared Master Montague, whose grotesque actions and amusing patter, for one so young, kept the house convulsed with laughter at his absurd comicalities. Miss Kate Leonard (whose portrait appears elsewhere in these columns), in song and dance with Pat McCarthy, came out in charming style, the skipping-rope dance being an additional accomplishment of this fascinating young lady, and brought down the house. Dave Gorman, in character songs, and Sweeney and Callan in a knockabout act, were extremely good, and well received. The tonsorial artists then prepared for the fray, in which Maurice Cohen was the first to handle the blade. The unity among the contestants and the honourable treatment each received from the other was deserving of praise, and the assistance rendered an opponent was certainly a conspicuous virtue amongst them. Below will be found the times for the

FOURTH ROUND.

	time.	extras.	total.
R. Hardie	1 40 3-5	1	1 56 1-5
M. Cohen	2 7 3-5	3	2 8 4-5
E. Hardie	2 6	1	2 21
J. Gorman	2 32 4-5	2	2 33 2-5
J. Rymer	2 34 1-5	1	2 50
T. Steele	2 50	1	3 5

WHITE CAPS SLAUGHTERED.

FOR two years there has existed in Sevier County, Tennessee, a large organisation of White Caps. They have committed many outrages on defenceless citizens, especially women and coloured persons. Several weeks ago another gang was organised in opposition, which is known as "Blue Bills." It is said to be composed of the better element of citizens, and was organised to wipe out the White Caps.

Recently a body of White Caps numbering thirty or forty started out to whip a man who lives five miles from Sevierville. This man was a "Blue Bill," and he hastily summoned his crowd. About twenty of them went to a bluff on Pigeon River and secreted themselves in a thicket of laurel.

Shortly before midnight they heard the approach of the White Caps, who were passing up the road discussing plans for their midnight work. As they approached the thicket the "Blue Bills" opened fire with rifles, and shots ensued for several minutes.

Two White Caps, Laban Latham and John Kibble, were killed, and several others wounded. The "Blue Bills" lost one man, Elithman Allen, a prominent farmer. Two or three others of their clique were badly wounded. Some time ago the Sheriff of Sevier County ordered two bloodhounds to run down the White Caps, but the battle puzzled him. He is not after the "Blue Bills," but the hounds are just as likely to run them down as the White Caps.

GOT WHAT SHE WANTED.

BRIDE and bridegroom were married in 1886 at St. Mark's Church, Regent's Park, under the name of Lund. They lived together at various places in London until 1890, when the lady went to Brighton at the request of the gentleman, he making her an allowance of £3 a week. She discovered that he had gone through a ceremony of marriage at the British Consulate, Monte Carlo, with a woman named Flora Lewis in April, 1881. She thereupon taxed him with having committed bigamy, and eventually he left her, and for three years she never saw him until she met him one day in the street, when she gave him into custody for bigamy. It then came out that Flora Lewis was herself a married woman at the time of her marriage with Lund, and the marriage with the lady who asked for divorce was therefore a lawful marriage. A decree nisi was granted.

BOOKMAKERS REMANDED.

THE police made a betting raid at a newsagent's shop off Edgware Road, and just before the rising of the Marylebone Court the victims were ushered into the presence of Mr. Plowden. There were only two—William Jackson (55), newsagent, and Rhoda Jackson (57), of 38, Earl Street, and they were charged on a commissioner's warrant with keeping and conducting their premises as a common gaming house. The only evidence was that given by Superintendent Sheppard, D Division, who deposed that he went to the shop and there read the warrant to the prisoners. The police found a quantity of books and papers relating to betting, and an amount of money in various drawers. Mr. Plowden ordered a remand, and admitted the accused to bail each in their own recognisances of £10.



WE ARE INFORMED

— That Mr. Will Jay Dent, who has just been appointed provincial representative of Messrs. Geo. Ware and Co., dramatic and variety agents, of London, is well known in the music-hall world, particularly provincial. He was born in Cardiff in 1870, and is, therefore, twenty-four years of age. When a mere lad he went to Newcastle, and from thence to Shields, a watering place near by, which he regards as his home. He was educated as an architect, and has done good work for the music halls in that capacity. Falling heir to the tidy sum of £18,000, he resolved to retire; but possessing an active disposition, he accepted an engagement as editor of a Berlin paper. When the journal suspended publication he returned to England. He was about the first correspondent appointed to THE MIRROR OF LIFE, and has acted as special correspondent (music-hall) to several sporting journals. We are sure that Messrs. Ware will have reason to be glad of their choice ere many weeks have elapsed. We will shortly print a series of articles from his pen on the present disturbances in the music-hall kingdom.

— That previous to her departure for South Africa, Ethel Alder will take a benefit at the Falstaff Theatre of Varieties in St. Luke's.

— That Mr. Wilson Barrett, in speaking after the performance of "The Manxman" in Liverpool on Saturday night, declared that the piece would soon be played in all languages in Europe.

— That Drury Lane Theatre was packed from floor to ceiling on Saturday night, and the huge audience gave Mrs. John Wood a warm welcome on her reappearance after her illness. During her absence her part of the Sporting Duchess has been played by Miss Amy Abbott.

— That Miss Edith Chester, the well-known and popular actress, died at Brighton on Saturday of typhoid fever.

SHE HAD MANY FRIENDS.

SOLIDARITY has become the order of the day among bicyclists. Wheel to wheel, knickerbockers or not, is now their watchword. The landlady of a hostelry in a Surrey suburb makes it a rule not to permit lady bicyclists in knickerbockers to dine in her house unless they consent to hide their rational dress temporarily with old-fashioned skirts, the dame herself kindly offering to lend her own odd ones for the occasion. It appears that the other day her hotel was full of bicyclists in ordinary attire waiting for dinner when a woman, ignorant of the landlady's idiosyncrasy, arrived wearing knickerbockers, and joined the throng anxiously expecting the steaming joints. But the mistress would not permit her to enter the dining-room without a skirt. "Knickerbockers not admitted unless under cover" was her motto, and she was determined not to change it. The bicyclist absolutely refused to submit to such an indignity. The dispute waxed warm, and at last all the hungry wheelmen and wheelwomen in waiting took the side of the knickerbockers, and declined to eat the joints prepared for them unless their comrade were admitted also. Her damship held firm to her rule, with the result that the whole company of bicyclists left the inn, brought out what bits of sandwiches, crusts of bread, and scraps of cheese they could find in their pockets or their wallets, shared the food one with another, drank water from a brook close by, and finally rode past the front of the hostelry to the accompaniment of a rousing cheer, conscious that they had achieved a great triumph for freedom of costume.

Telegrams: "Dent, Woodland Terrace."

WILL JAY DENT,

Dramatic and Variety Agent,

WOODLANDS TERRACE,

SOUTH SHIELDS.

All Old Pals and Clients will please write, stating terms.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

"Once, in a country town," said the retired burglar, "I broke into a small but very comfortable appearing house that I didn't expect very rich returns from, but which I thought would pay for the labour. I skinned around a little in the cellar, finding the usual assortment of jams and preserves and things, and on the parlour floor, found about the ordinary run of knick-knacks. The things in general were of rather less value than I had expected to find them, and there was not much of anything worth taking. So I went on up stairs and into the front chamber.

"I'd scarcely begun on the dresser, and hadn't got the top drawer open, when I heard from the bed a sound very much like a laugh. I thought I must be mistaken, for I really didn't see anything to laugh at, and I should have thought that if there'd been anybody awake in the bed they'd have been more likely to be alarmed than to think it was funny to see me there. But the next minute I did hear a noise from the bed; no laughing now, just a man's voice, deep and solid, and no quavering, saying:

"Well!"

"It was a good big voice, but there wasn't any shootin' in it, not just yet, any way, and I turned my light on him. He was sitting up in bed, a pretty good-sized, square-shouldered sort of man, and the minute I saw him I knew that I had heard somebody trying to keep from laughing, and that this was the man.

"Wait a minute," he said, and there was something in his way of saying it that made me feel that it was all right to wait. He got out of bed and walked over to the dresser where I was and took a match out of an iron match box that was nailed against the window frame near by, and lighted a lamp that stood on the dresser. Then he went across the room to a closet near the door I had come in by, which I suppose I should have looked into myself in the course of time if I hadn't been disturbed. He opened the closet door, and reached in and brought out a jimmy, which he stood against the wall. I wanted to stop him right there, but I didn't exactly like to interrupt, and he reached in again, and this time he brought out a dark lantern. He stood that by the jimmy, and was reaching in again when I stopped him.

"Don't," I said, and he respected my feelings and stopped, and looked at me. I guess we both smiled a little bit then, and then I just went away."

TOO HANDY WITH A STICK.

OWING to the startling intelligence recently promulgated by a section of the medical faculty that kissing or otherwise saluting in the old-fashioned manner is not in accordance with the highest development of hygienic science, because of the possible involuntary interchange of microbes, Mr. James Graham, racing commission agent, Dalton, invented out of his own head the "sanitary caress"; but the costly nature of the process will prevent it obtaining a strong hold on popular affection. He does it with the aid of a walking-stick, which has a large handle like a shepherd's crook. The first use of the invention entailed an expenditure of at least £7; but no great reforms are ever accomplished without considerable initial outlay. Mr. Graham entered the Crown and Castle, in Kingsland Road, where he was apparently acquainted with the barmaid, and while that lady had, unconsciously, her back towards him he saluted her with his patent "sanitary caress"—that is to say, he gently put his hooked stick round her neck, and the thing was done. An innocently idyllic proceeding—no danger of bacillus, or anything else, except a broken pane. For the young lady, being unaware of the personality of the saluter, sharply jerked the crook aside, and the unlucky instrument promptly put its head through a pane. Hence the appearance of Mr. Graham before the judge of the Shoreditch County Court to show cause why he should not pay to the landlady of the hostelry the sum of £6 11s., the value of the broken plate-glass. He pleaded that it was a pure accident. "Are you in the habit of caressing barmaids in this strange fashion?" asked Judge French. "I knew this one well," was the answer. "My advice to you is, 'Don't do it again,'" added his Honour; "it's an expensive amusement." Judgment was given for the landlord, and a plea by Mr. Graham for time to pay the money on the ground that he had a sick wife at home was repelled with the remark, "If that be so, what business had you to go into public-houses putting sticks round your favourite barmaids' necks? You must pay in a fortnight."

"GEORGE," said she, in a low voice, "would you make a sacrifice for my happiness?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Would you give up smoking for my sake?"

"Give up smoking for your sake?" he repeated. Then, after a silence, he exclaimed, hoarsely, "I can refuse you nothing. I will do so. Hereafter when I smoke it will be for my own sake."



— That at Cork, Michael Walsh, a carman, was committed for trial charged with the wilful murder of Michael Collins. The evidence showed that the accused, who had charge of a hearse at a funeral, drove so furiously that the people could not keep up with it. Collins remonstrated, when the accused knocked him down, and, putting Collins's hand in his mouth, bit it, nearly severing one of the fingers. The deceased contracted blood-poisoning, and died in the workhouse hospital.

— That when two brothers named Camm, who had been arrested for burglary, were being conveyed by train from Burnley to Preston Gaol, they made a desperate attempt to escape, slipping their manacles and leaping from the carriage just as the train reached Accrington. The constable in charge dashed after them and caught one, the other gaining the main street, where he was run down by a posse of railway porters and cabmen.

— That a gentleman grumbler, who occupied a front garden seat on a bus bound for the "northern heights," was complaining bitterly of the snail-like pace at which the vehicle was proceeding. "Anything wrong with the horses?" he inquired of the driver. "Bless me, no," was the reply, "it's their first journey." Not satisfied the complainant again protested against the conveyance being turned into a funeral car, and asked with some irony whether it was a "Favourite." "No, not exactly, sir," was the answer; "but it's known as the 'regulator.'" Asked to explain his meaning, the imperturbable occupant of the box retorted, "Why, 'cause it's the bus all the others 'go by'."

— That the convict prison at Dover is to be closed, and it is exceedingly unsatisfactory to find it announced that the buildings are "totally unfit for any other purpose but that for which they were intended," although they were erected not many years ago at a cost of £108,000.

— That Alfred Robertson, butcher, was remanded at Liverpool charged with the murder of his paramour, whom he is alleged to have assaulted till she became unconscious. She died before a doctor could arrive.

— That at Montfison a widow and her two children, a boy of twelve years and a girl of five, were discovered with their throats cut. They had evidently all been murdered; as there were signs that the assassin had tried to set the house on fire. It is presumed that robbery was the motive of the crime.

— That at Champagne a man and his wife, both farm labourers, quarrelled. The man seized a rake and the woman a hedge stake, with which she struck her husband so heavily on the head that he fell senseless to the ground. A married daughter then appeared armed with a garden fork, and the two women beat the unfortunate man's brains out as he lay at their feet. Only the daughter has been arrested, as the mother is held to have received provocation.

— That Liverpool detectives arrested on the landing-stage on Saturday two youths, James Clay, 16, belonging to Nottingham, and George Myers, 18, from Leeds, who were about to proceed to America by the Aurania. In their possession were found revolvers, bowie knives, and a considerable sum in dollars, which they admitted was their equipment for a roving life in the Far West. The youths were detained pending communication with their relatives.

— That the extraordinary Belfast will case has been concluded. Miss Julia Hawson, a prepossessing young lady, claimed to be entitled to £7,000 under an instrument alleged to have been executed by her uncle, the late County Down magistrate. The Rev. Dr. Orr, ex-Moderator of the Irish General Assembly, and Mr. Robinson, bank manager, executors of the deceased gentleman's will, disputed the document in question, and also denied the authenticity of several letters which the plaintiff alleged her uncle had written to her. The lady lost her case, and the Master of the Rolls said he had no doubt in the world that the documents produced by the plaintiff were deliberately fabricated.

SHE GOT THE MONEY.

"I HAVE no doubt, madam," said the cashier, "that you are Mrs. Jykes, the person named on this draft, but the rules of the bank require that you must be identified by somebody known to us before I can cash the paper for you."

"I suppose I could go and hunt up some acquaintance," replied the lady, "but I took it for granted you were sufficiently familiar with my face to make such a formality unnecessary. It has been in the public prints often. I am known to you by name, I presume, as a public speaker and lecturer on social sub—"

"I repeat, madam, that so far as I am personally concerned I have no doubt you are Mrs. Jykes, the well-known public speaker, but in business matters, as you must be aware, a banking house must be guided by established business prin—"

"When business principles are contrary to established rules of common sense," interrupted the caller, impatiently, "what is the use of being guided by them? Bank drafts are drawn, sir, to facilitate the transaction of business. The theory is that banks are organised to serve as a means of promoting the rapid interchange of commodities, or rather the converting of commodities into the circulating medium of the country, to the end that toil may meet its due reward without undue delay. But banks, sir, are conducted for the real purpose of enriching their proprietors. They are swift to take money in and slow to pay it out. They form but another link in the chain with which plutocracy is fettering the limbs of labour—another spadeful of earth on the mountain that crushes down into the ground the common people! Banks, sir, are simply a part of the scheme through the operation of which the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer. The monopolists control the means of exchange and dictate to the workers the terms on which the workers may live. Like a hideous vampire the money power fattens on the life blood of the people and—"

"Madam," said the cashier feebly, "here's your money."

TRIED TO PLEASE HIM.

HE had been particularly fortunate in his business and felt in the mood for tipping the waiters at his hotel rather liberally. As a result every time he entered the dining-room half a dozen willing waiters rushed for him like football players in a big match. This came to be annoying after a while, so he called the head waiter to him and said:

"Now, see here, I don't want all the waiters in the place bothering me every time I get something to eat. Settle on one man, and let him attend to my wants."

Then his eye roamed around at the assembled attendants, and without any particular reason he said:

"There, let that fellow with a wart on his nose look out for me."

So it was settled, and for some time the designated waiter was on hand. One day, however, the man with money found another attendant at his table. He motioned to the head waiter.

"Didn't I tell you to let me have the waiter with a wart on his nose?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir, thank you, but this one will be better, sir. He has two warts on his nose."

HE WAS TOO PREVIOUS.

OVERHEARD in a street in front of a mixed Board school in Clerkenwell. As the boys and girls were leaving the institution the usual romping and pushing took place among them. One of the lads was particularly rough towards a girl, and persisted in shaking her, although she several times repulsed him. At last she wrathfully exclaimed, "What do you mean by knocking me about like that? One would think I was already your wife." Domestic economy and household duties are among the subjects taught at the school.

HE WAS JUSTLY PUNISHED.

DURING a street fight at El Paso, Texas, November 5, between two negroes, John Harris and William Brown, which was being watched with admiration by a companion crowd of coloured men and children, one of the combatants suddenly seized a little boy by the legs who was looking on, and swinging him in the air, brought his head down with full force upon his opponent's skull. The opponent apparently suffered no damage, but the child's head was flattened, and when the negro, finding this mode of assault had made no impression, flung the boy back into the crowd and continued the fight, it was found that the child was quite dead.

The onlookers then turned their indignation upon the combatants, and seizing them both before the police had an opportunity to interfere, they were quickly run to an adjoining field and told to prepare for their end. Calmer counsels, however, subsequently prevailed, and John Harris, who had been hit with the child, was set free, while the other man was promptly lynched.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

DICKEY was overheard saying his prayer the other evening at bedtime in this fashion: "O Lord, bless Johnny and Billy Holliday and me, and don't let any of us die; but if any of us has got to die I'd rather it was them. Amen."

"CAN I see you apart for a moment?" "You mean alone, don't you?" "Yes; a loan—that's it, exactly. I want to borrow five bob."

THE AUTHOR: "This play of mine is good, but it's very sad."

THE MANAGER: "All right. We're looking for a farce-comedy plot just now."

SHE: "I suppose you flatter yourself you are a great man."

HE: "I do not flatter myself. I merely recognise a fact."

"THOSE poor Arctic explorers have had some dreadful experiences," said the sympathetic woman.

"I know it," replied young Mrs. Torkins. "But they have had their pictures taken in some perfectly lovely furs."

"ONE of the bookmakers made several thousand pounds to-day," remarked the young man who had been to the races.

"And yet," exclaimed his aunt, "some people tell us that literature doesn't pay."

"MR. WALKER is from Chicago, isn't he?"

Madge: "I guess not, dear. I'm told every time he opens his mouth he puts his foot in it."

JAMES: "Why are you so blue? Didn't the publisher take your last books?"

Tooms (the author): "That's just the trouble. He took them, and he's keeping them."

"WHAT'S the difference between conceit and self-esteem, anyhow?" "A great deal. Conceit is the self-esteem belonging to somebody else."

"I UNDERSTAND that Thumpetts and his manager had an awful row the other night."

"I should say they did. I saw it myself. I never saw a madder man than Thumpetts was. Why he was actually almost mad enough to fight."

MISS BLACK: "How pretty your daughter looks to-night. I wonder where she got all her good looks?"

Mrs. White: "She must have taken them from her mother."

Miss Black: "Ah, yes; too bad."

HOTEL MANAGER: "I see you have given our best suite of rooms to a man named Jones. Are you sure he can pay the price?"

Hotel Clerk: "Yes, sir, he is immensely wealthy."

Hotel Manager: "How do you know?"

Hotel Clerk: "Oh, he is very old and very ugly, and his wife is very young and very pretty."

RYDER: "What training have you had for this six days' walking match?"

Stryder: "Lots. For two years I've been collector for a fashionable tailor."

BESSIE: "The idea of your saying you are only twenty-one!"

Gussie: "You forget mamma told us that it is always better to underrate than to exaggerate."

"HAVE you seen any change in Waters since he signed the pledge?"

"Oh, yes; he has quit inviting me to go fishing with him."

"YOU started out to keep a diary, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Going to keep it up?"

"No, I've decided it's easier to write an autobiography ahead and then live up to it."

"How is your son doing in college this year?"

Mother: "He don't seem to have the least ambition. Just like his father."

"Don't stand well in his classes, eh?"

"Mercy, yes; right at the head, but he can't kick a football more than twenty feet."

"THEY say old Smith never subscribed for a newspaper?"

"Never."

"Where is he now?"

"Blowin' out the gas in some hotel."

ETHEL: "Papa has promised to give us a beautiful house all furnished when we are married. Isn't it lovely?"

George: "Well, I should say so, if we can only find somebody to furnish the clothes and food."

MR. JONES: "My dear, have you seen that new tie I brought home last week?"

Mrs. Jones: "Oh, Tom, I hope you won't care, but I made it up into a bathing suit."

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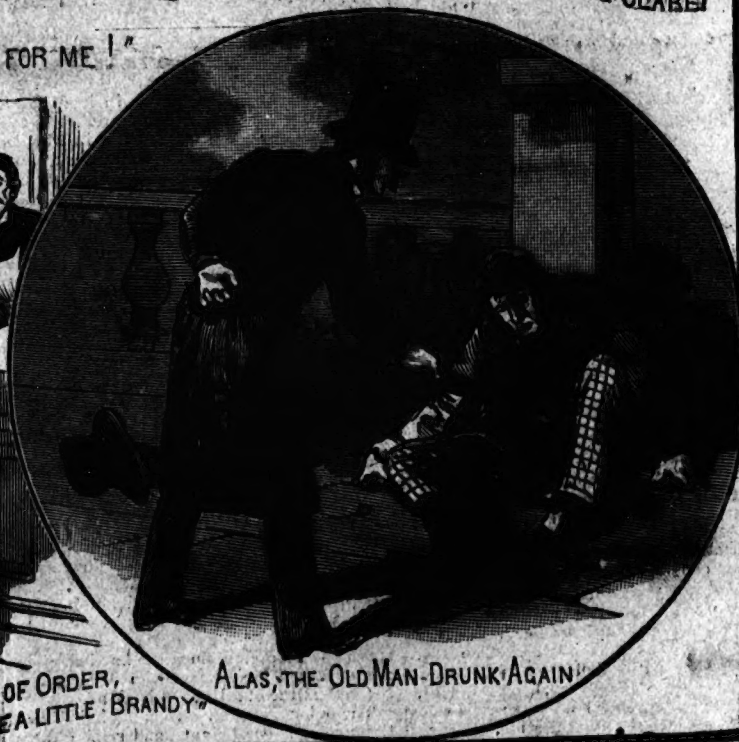
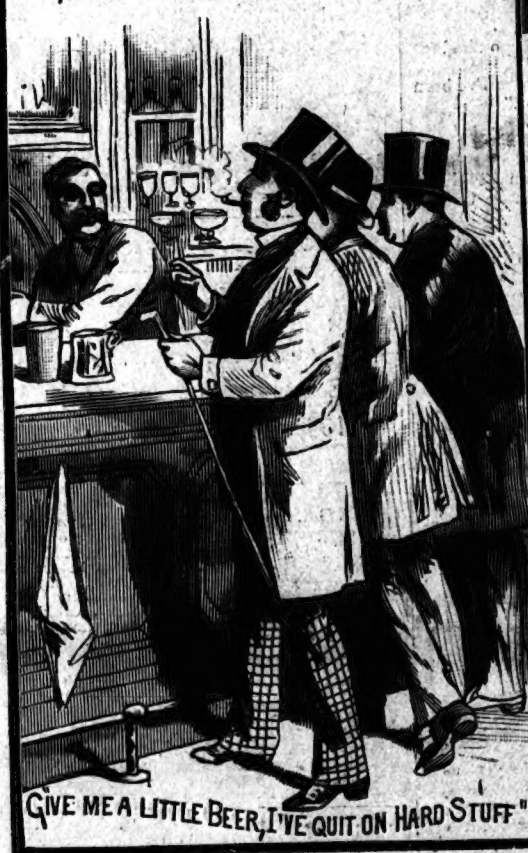
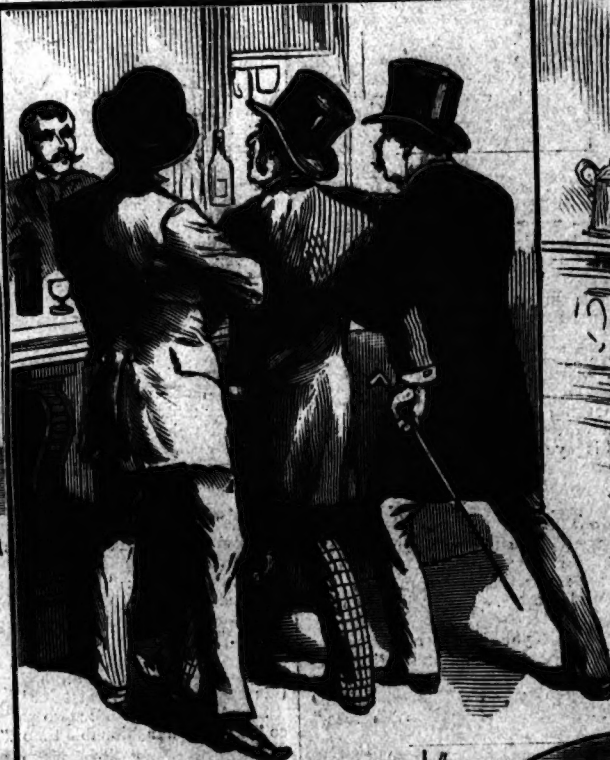
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